THE
FORUM
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WIN THE WAR WITH THRIFT

A PERSONAL MESSAGE TO AMERICA

LORD NORTHCLIFFE
HEAD OF THE BRITISH WAR MISSION IN WASHINGTON

AT a recent War Assembly of Bankers, which I attended in this country, the largest in the world's history, there was another proof that every State in the Union, and every great town in each State and Territory is rousing itself to the task of defeating the Prussian plot to rule the world.

The bankers have already had an ample diet of hundreds, thousands, millions and billions of dollars, and I propose, therefore, while not ignoring figures, to give my own personal views on the length of the war, and of some of the means by which the war may be shortened.

The probable length of the war is so ineradicably bound up with business and finance that the chief factor intimately connected with the length of the war is the question of thrift. When the war began the people of Great Britain, who are by nature almost as extravagant as those of the United States, had no idea that saving would be necessary. "Business as usual" was the slogan, while money poured into the pockets of the workers in hitherto undreamed-of streams. Little by little we learned that saving was essential, and as one of our most able British economists, Mr.

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Basil Blackett, of the British Treasury, has pointed out, the money is returning to the use of the Government in the form of War-Saving Certificates and other forms of thrift.

There is a very indistinct impression in this country as to the destination of loans made to the Allies by the United States. There is an impression even among well-read men that the loans we are receiving, since you have begun to take part of the financial burden, find their way across the Atlantic. As a matter of fact they go to swell the wages in Bridgeport, Bethlehem and a hundred other centres of industry, where the wages are the highest on record. They go to provide the homes of the workers of the United States with comforts unequalled in any previous era of prosperity. They will return to swell the finance of this country in the form of workers' subscriptions to the Liberty Loan.

It does not seem to be generally known in this country that up to the time of the United States entering the struggle, Great Britain had not only borne the expense of maintaining seven and a half million fighting men of her own, but had carried a large proportion of the financial burden of the Allies. I do not exaggerate when I say that prior to your coming into the war we had most willingly advanced six billions of dollars, that we are still advancing large sums daily to them, and that our war expenses are at the rate of thirty-five million dollars a day.

NEED OF THRIFT IN NEWSPAPER WORLD

I am able to speak of the need of thrift in one sphere of endeavor, and that is the need of thrift in the newspaper world, in which I have moved all my life, both on this side of the water and the other.

In July, 1914, the newspapers of Europe were wasting paper, labor, transport, power, ink and the other accessories necessary to newspaper production. Competition had brought about that state of affairs where every newspaper publisher thought that his readers carefully counted the pages of their favorite organ each day and awarded their support to him who gave the largest amount of raw material.

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I never held that view.

Many years ago I produced, as an experiment, at the invitation of the late Mr. Pulitzer, a small daily newspaper that for its day had a very large sale in New York. Some years later I reproduced it in England, where it had, and has, a popularity almost unequaled, with many successful imitators. I am of the opinion that at least one-third of the paper used here daily is wasted, and I have little doubt that as the war proceeds the raw material, power and labor will be reduced as it has been in Great Britain, where staffs of newspapers, owing to the need for them as soldiers or war workers, have been reduced to half. I have not opened an English newspaper, even my own, since I left England in May, so I don't know their present size. At that time the size of the British newspapers had been reduced by two-thirds.

I have now in my possession a copy of a leading Paris evening paper issued during the present month. It consists of a single sheet of paper measuring, I should say at a glance, 16 inches by 10 inches, or equal to about four pages of the size of a "Congressional Record." It is not one-hundredth part the size of many of the American newspapers. It is a pathetic but splendid example of the patriotism of France. The owners of newspapers in this country are hard hit by the war already. Very few of them have had the courage to take the public into their confidence as to the increased cost of production and the necessity for saving. Newspapers are essential to the conduct of war. The American publisher can meet the gigantic expense of the present time and at the same time reduce the output of raw material by raising the cost of his publication. That which applies to newspapers also applies to many other businesses.

The saving of raw material, transport, power and labor and the application of them to the purpose of the war—that is one way of shortening the war.

As to the length of the war, we should more properly speak of the wars. Those who have not closely studied this

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great earthshake since its inception at the time of Frederick the Great, are inclined to compare it with struggles that are by comparison small affairs. Yet your own Civil War, in which neither side had any great preparation, lasted more than four years.

Now this series of wars finds the maker of the wars prepared to the minutest detail. He is opposed by those who are determined that he shall not rule the world. We, his opponents, are even now in a state of preparation. You have had object lessons in the past few weeks of the depth of the roots of this great conspiracy against the world's peace. You have seen the great and prosperous State of Argentina thrown into a position of chaos by a word from Berlin.

Prussia has penetrated everywhere. It poisoned the Chancelleries and Parliaments of Europe and tainted the apparently open if troubled streams of commerce. It adapted itself to all exigencies. In Spain it was Catholic, in Holland it was Protestant, in Turkey, as we have seen, it was frankly Mohammedan. In Greece it helped a king to overrule a Chamber of Representatives. Recent events in Mexico, some of your own and our own labor troubles, uprisings among the wild folk of our Indian Frontier—no place was too remote, no cause too absurd, to escape the mesh of German intrigue.

Coming to the conditions of the actual war, we find a remarkable unanimity of thought and purpose between the Kaiser, the Junkers and the mass of the people. We find the food situation in Germany and Austria distinctly better than it was a year ago. The capture of supplies in Rumania, no less than the extension of cultivable areas throughout the lands of the Central Powers, has relieved the tension in cereals and garden produce.

At the Front, defense being easier and less costly than attack, the Huns' task is easier. They have lost the initiative, but they are husbanding their resources. Digging in requires less effort than digging out, and the latter is what our men have to do now. Financially, Germany lives in a

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circle, and she can go on a long time yet spending her own money among her own people.

These are some of the reasons which I find convincing when I warn you against the dream of a speedy peace.

As for ourselves, now and as ever, it is money that makes the wheels go round. It will hurt neither us nor our cause if we look at our own financial difficulties squarely between the eyes. In this matter we row in the same boat, and should pull together, with your most capable Secretary of the Treasury acting as stroke. I have complete and unbounded faith in the American people. I am sure that when they realize that any sign of unwillingness to bear the monetary burden of the war will be regarded as quite as serious as the loss of a big battle in France, they will give of their resources freely and unstintedly. For that is the penalty, if no worse. I believe that America will even surpass her own magnificent record.

It is not my business to criticise, or even advise in this matter. I merely wish to indicate a joint in our armor which an unscrupulous and unsleeping enemy is sure to attack, and I want you, America, guided by the massed battalions of finance, to bring up your reserves and simply smother the foe with all arms, big guns and small, subscriptions of a million dollars, and subscriptions of a hundred dollars.

Pull together! That is our motto: Every man, every woman, putting their very souls into the war. The Hun must be crushed. The evil thing he has reared must be driven out of our lives, and the way to do it is with steel in the battlefield, and with silver bullets in the world's marts. Let us get the people to understand this vital fact and victory is assured.

The question is not whether this or that personal business is to be protected in the enjoyment of its prosperity; the question is, are you going to smash the Germans or are they going to smash you? War is not a children's game; it is a life and death matter. In war-time, your only question should be, how can I help the government, not how can I

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keep the government from interfering with my daily routine?

No one can doubt that on the whole American business men are putting their shoulders to the wheel with splendid unanimity. The volunteer organizations at Washington, serving for the most part without compensation, are a sufficient answer to the charge that your commercial leaders are not awake to what the war means. It may be that some of the American people are not yet fully conscious of what a terrible thing war is, and how completely we must alter our lives if we are to win this one, and, if possible, stamp out war for all time; but luckily your government and the leaders of your industries do have that realization and are going ahead to do the things which must be done.

ENGLAND'S MISTAKE

In England the people did not awaken to the meaning of the war for fifteen long months; and in the meantime our government unfortunately followed the popular sentiment instead of going ahead with the necessary reorganization. That was why some of us who realized the peril of the situation were forced to take into our own hands the task of bringing the government and the people to their senses. England is thoroughly awake now, and she will not sleep again.

We found in England that "Business as usual" was a mistake. Wartime business is decidedly abnormal, and the sooner all the Allies recognize that fact, the better. The production of luxuries in Great Britain has not entirely stopped, though it is considerably curtailed. For instance, a number of automobile factories, formerly making pleasure cars, are now making army trucks and aeroplanes. After all, what difference does it make to a manufacturer whether he produces automobiles for private consumption or for war work?

In general, the tendency is for the production and sale of luxuries which have also some practical use, and which are not sheer waste. Of course, luxuries which were already made when the war started are better sold than lying in the

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shops. Keeping money in a state of active circulation is desirable, even though we also want everyone who can do so to invest all he can spare in the government loans.

The most unexpected development of the war was the sudden prosperity of the working class. Everyone thought that the poor would be very hard hit, and a "Prince of Wales" fund of millions of pounds was raised to help them out. It was not needed. The poor have had high wages, ready employment, and prosperity. As a result, they have been buying pianos, expensive furs, and other luxury goods. To an extent, they have taken the place of the former luxury buyers in the upper classes.

The government has definitely encouraged one type of luxury buying—the high-class, expensive foods. I notice a movement of this sort getting under way here in America. The idea is, of course, that those who can afford the more expensive delicacies should buy them and thus leave a greater quantity of cheaper foods for those who can afford to purchase nothing else.

There is also a big business in expensive foods bought to be sent to the men at the front. All the high-quality shops put up hampers of delicacies selected to please a soldierly palate, and undertake delivery to France for the purchaser. Thousands of such hampers are bought every week. In some cases, I understand, they are ordered directly by young men at the front.

Disbanding the army at the close of the war will be a slow process. It will be at least a year after peace is declared before the last troops are returned to civil life, and there will be little disturbance of the social structure in so gradual a step. Factories are, after all, surprisingly adaptable. Machines which are making war supplies now will not be hard to turn to peace channels. The government will take an active hand in finding places for the soldiers in the civil scheme of things and will itself be a tremendous purchaser of supplies needed in the work of reconstruction. England has, in fact, an official Reconstruction Department at work now on these after-the-war problems.

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It is foolish to suppose that the soldiers who have spent years at the front, living a man's life out in the open with the thrill of mortal danger in it, and knowing the pleasure of comradeships with men whom they have seen tested when the air swarmed with bullets, will be willing to return tamely to doing such "womanish work" as clerking in department stores, acting as flunkies, or doing purely routine tasks in offices. The returned soldier will want a man's size job, and we're going to see to it that he gets one. In England companies are being formed to buy agricultural land belonging to the great estates and sell this land in small parcels of a few acres to soldiers on the instalment plan, taking back a mortgage to secure the investment. A similar plan will be used in Canada. Army transport vessels can be kept in service to bring the soldiers overseas.

Some British manufacturers are protecting themselves in regard to the after-the-war market by continuous advertising, even though they have no goods to sell. This is certainly a sound business policy. I believe there will be work enough for everybody—when we win. In building alone there will be employment for vast numbers of men and great quantities of materials. At present, no one is allowed to spend more than a small sum on building without a permit, and that is granted only when it is shown that the proposed building is vitally necessary. Even repairs are not permitted unless they are really needed.

In a good many cases, government control will undoubtedly be continued. However, industries which were efficiently managed under private control before the war will doubtless go back to their owners. For instance, English railways were, on the whole, well and efficiently handled before the war by the railway companies, and will doubtless go back to them at the conclusion of hostilities. Their greatest weakness, in ante-bellum days, was in their handling of freight, and necessity has taught them a lesson of expedition and foresight during the war conditions which they will not soon forget.

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DEMOCRACY IS SAFE

HON. CHAMP CLARK

[SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES]

NOTE: *Last month The Forum published an article by Senator James A. Reed of Missouri in which he declared democracy was unsafe. The Speaker of the House is also from Missouri, and though sharing Senator Reed's objections to any slander of Congressional activity, he does not agree with the Senator on the issues of Government autocracy.*

A GREAT many people, newspapers and others, have been jumping on Congress from time to time with more or less vigor for not expediting the business of this colossal war in which we are now engaged. I have a right to speak for the House of Representatives.

I undertake to say that no House of Representatives in the same length of time has transacted as much business as this House has transacted and of the most vital importance. It has done it with great expedition, and I am not certain but that it has acted sometimes with too much expedition.

They criticize the House for taking two whole days to pass a $7,000,000,000 bond bill, the vastest sum ever raised that way by any legislative body in the entire history of the human race. They pounded us because we did not do it in one day! I am not going to say a word about the other branch of Congress, but I do say that this House has done its duty and its whole duty, and has done it with great rapidity.

The truth is that there has been no trace of politics in it.

I am glad to say that the Republicans have acted just as faithfully and promptly as we have. A man sitting up in the gallery during this session of Congress, who did not know the Members, could not have told to save his soul whether this is a Democratic House or a Republican House, except that I preside over it. And I am not certain that he could have told then because it took three of the five independents to make me Speaker. As a matter of fact I got four of them, in addition to all the Democrats.

Our Government should be so conducted that the

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sentence "I am an American" would have more potency the wide world round than the far-famed "Romanus sum," when Rome was in the plenitude of imperial power. I think sometimes that we do not sufficiently appreciate the blessings of our system of government. We too frequently take it for granted that achieving freedom was natural and inevitable in the evolution of things, and therefore easy. As a matter of fact, the men who proclaimed our independence at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, performed that immortal deed with halters about their necks—as did Washington and his men who made Jefferson's declaration good on Yorktown's blood-stained heights.

When they had signed, old Ben Franklin, the greatest wit of that age—perhaps the greatest wit of all the ages—cheered up his companions in glory, by remarking: "Now that we have signed, we must all hang together or we will all hang separately"—a statement as true as the Gospel. I wish that he could return to earth for at least one night to some great city—New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco—and learn what his experiment with the kite has done for the happiness and comfort of mankind.

Gov. Ben Harrison, of Virginia, a great big, burly man, punched little Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, who weighed less than 100 pounds, in the ribs, saying: "When the day of hanging comes, I will have one great advantage over you. My weight will make me die quicker." That was the spirit in which they signed; and that should be the spirit in which we live.

When Charles Carroll, of Maryland, signed, somebody suggested to him that there were so many Charles Carrolls in Maryland that when the day for hanging came he might escape in the multitude of his namesakes, whereupon he seized the pen and wrote after his name the words "of Carrollton," so that there could be no mistaking the right person.

When as a child I first saw his name at the foot of the Declaration, "Charles Carroll, of Carrollton," I thought it was done out of overweening vanity of family pride; but ever since I learned the truth about it I have loved the man and his

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memory. God spared him to be the last of that noble band to ascend to the skies.

John Hancock, who held the office then that I hold now, signed his name in characters so large that "signing your John Hancock" has become proverbial. He said, "I guess King George III can read that without his spectacles."

I consider it among the blessings of my life, which have been rich and numberless, that when I was a lad attending Kentucky University one of my teachers was Prof. Joseph Desha Pickett, born and bred in old Virginia, a cousin to that Gen. Pickett who achieved immortal renown at Gettysburg. When Prof. Pickett was a young man he traveled a good deal in Europe and was thrown much into the company of an English duchess. When they came to separate, she said, "Prof. Pickett, I am astonished at your politeness, seeing that you come from a country where they have no queen." The old Virginian, bowing almost to the ground, replied, "Your Grace is mistaken. You live in a country where they have one queen; I come from a country where every woman is a queen."

Just after the close of the war between the States Admiral Farragut made the circle of the globe in his flagship. In every civilized country he was received with the honors due to a hero, which he was. When he was cruising in the Aegean Sea he sent word to the Sultan of Turkey that he wanted to call on him to pay his respects. The Sultan sent him word back that no battleship except one commanded by a prince of the blood royal could enter the Dardanelles. This made Admiral Farragut's Tennessee fighting blood boil, and he promptly sent this message to the Sultan, "I have on board my ship 700 American citizens every one of whom is a prince of the blood royal in his own land. I am stripping my ship for action and will call on you immediately in force." Suffice it to say, he had no trouble anchoring in the Golden Horn.

That is how I feel about being an American. A few years ago a party of Americans were traveling in the Old World. They had a boy with them about 12 years old. In

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the Pyramids of Egypt he was weary and fell asleep. A wag thought he would have some fun out of him, so he surrounded him with grinning mummies of dead Pharaohs and blew a horn in imitation of Gabriel's trumpet. The boy waked up, didn't know where he was, but swung his cap over his head and shouted, "Hurrah! It is Resurrection Day and an American is the first man up."

The idea of free government is not new. We did not originate it. We have developed it and put it into practice. It has been the dream of men from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Whoever wrote the Shakespeare plays put these words into the mouth of Brutus in his speech defending himself for the assassination of Caesar: "Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not?

There is the case in a nutshell, the essence of representative government—"a place in the Commonwealth."

The legislative body in every free country is the most important of the three branches—legislative, judicial, and executive. We come from the people, we represent the people, and we reflect the will of the people. I undertake to say without fear of successful contradiction that when the American people make up their minds that they want a thing the Congress will grant it to them as soon as it finds out that the people desire it.

The Congress of the United States is the greatest legislative body in all history, and I take pride in that fact. Yet every evil-disposed person in the land can find some slander to utter about the American Congress. If the House takes time enough to discuss an important measure, these slanderers savagely assail it for being too slow. If the House puts in overtime and hurries a bill through, these same malignants fiercely denounce it for sending half-baked measures to the Senate. They revel in such foul work. For instance, the House was abused and denounced because we discussed for two days instead of one a bill providing for the issue of $7,-

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000,000,000 in bonds—far and away the biggest money bill ever passed since the dawn of creation. Think of that—in two days! And then remember that all the property in America—real, personal, and mixed—was estimated at only $16,000,000,000 in 1861. I hope and pray that these impatient and palpitating superpatriots who belabored us for consuming two whole days in providing for seven billions of bonds will be equally impatient and anxious to get an opportunity to help pay them when due. It puzzled me a long time to find out why certain people who could pass a great tariff bill overnight or enact any other great measure while you wait did not get into Congress and do those things. Finally one of them came into my room one day and was intimating that we were a lot of chuckleheads, and I said to him, "It has always surprised me that men like you, who know everything, who can do everything without any consideration or deliberation, do not break into Congress and do it." He said, "Well, everybody does not want to come to Congress." I replied, "There are not 5,000 men in America who would not come to one House or the other of Congress if they could get here. I will tell you why you do not come into Congress. You do not come down here because you cannot get votes enough."

No right-thinking man objects to fair, honest, intelligent criticism. That is wholesome and altogether proper, but abuse, ridicule, and slander are very different things from criticism and do immense damage, because they have a tendency to bring our whole system of representative government into disrepute, thereby sapping its very foundations.

At this very moment when the country is engaged in the most stupendous war in all the bloody annals of mankind the Congress is doing its duty—its whole duty—manfully, industriously, and patriotically to bring it to a speedy and triumphant conclusion—as all good citizens hope most fervently that it may be brought. Representatives and Senators not only vote unheard-of sums of money for the prosecution of the war, but to the limit of their financial ability they contribute to the cause by purchasing bonds to

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foot the bills. Representatives and Senators not only voted other men's sons into the Army, but they send their own sons to fight—perchance to die—for the starry banner of the Republic.

How many new propositions do you suppose our system of government rests on? Only three. There are two of them in the Declaration of Independence and one in the Constitution. "All men are created equal." That is one of them. "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." That is two, and they form the basis of republican institutions. The third one is—hardly anybody ever reads it, more's the pity—the preamble to the Constitution, one of the finest sentences ever written, and one of the most comprehensive: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

There it all is. That is our chart and our creed. What courtship is to marriage, what the flower is to the fruit, what youth is to manhood, what hope is to fruition, that is what the Declaration of Independence is to the Constitution of the United States.

Mark Twain, the greatest Missourian that ever lived and the greatest literary American that ever lived, once said: "Blessed be the man who bloweth his own horn, lest it be not blown."

That dictum of the great Missouri philosopher—for he was more philosopher than humorist—applies to nations as well as to individuals. We did it—not by the mailed hand, not by conquering armies. We did it by the wholesomeness of our example, by teaching all creation the glorious truth that men can govern themselves. Why, before that it was supposed that power descended from on high and lighted on the heads of a few tall men, and then a little of it trickled down to the great body of the people below. We reversed

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all that. We make it begin at the bottom and like the sap in the trees in the springtime go up, and it will go up forever.

Not a single one of the South American or Central American Republics could have existed six months if it had not been for us. In their infancy we protected them while they were learning to walk. We gave them a breathing spell in which to wax strong. We gave them a chance to live and to work out their own destiny.

What did it? The Monroe Doctrine. What is it?

The simplest proposition ever put into print—that we would regard the establishment of its system of government by any European nation in this hemisphere as an unfriendly act. That was a modest declaration. We were a modest people then. We have outgrown our modesty, and the Monroe Doctrine has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, until today it is this: That for political purposes we hereby take the entire Western Hemisphere under the shadow of our wing. That is the Monroe Doctrine. We do not covet their territory or their land or anything else that is theirs. We propose that they shall be free, because we intend to remain free ourselves; and we bid them a hearty Godspeed in developing themselves into puissant republics.

Certain dilettante writers and speakers who say the Monroe Doctrine is played out are mistaken. They do not know what they are talking about. We will strengthen it and preserve it. It is the political life preserver of the Western World. I like to say a good thing about a Republican when I can find one who deserves it. I love to think about what one Republican Secretary of State did under the Monroe Doctrine, William H. Seward, a great man, Governor of New York, Senator of the United States, and Secretary of State under Lincoln and Johnson, who came very near being President in 1860.

During our Civil War we did not have time to attend to anybody else's business. We had hardly enough to attend to our own.

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A great many people make a mistake as to where the line of demarcation is between a free country and a despotism. It is as plain as the nose on your face when once correctly stated. Most people think if there is a hereditary head to the government, it is necessarily a despotism; if there is an elective head, it is necessarily free. That has nothing in the world to do with it—not a thing. A country can be just as free with a hereditary head as it can be with an elective president, provided it has the right sort of constitution. Any country that has a legislative body which controls the purse strings thereof is free, and if it has not it is not free. Out West, where I live—I do not know whether it has percolated to the East or not—there is a homely saying that "Money makes the mare go."

Money also makes the Government go, and if the Congress should refuse to appropriate the money to run this Government it would stand stock-still at midnight on the 30th day of next June. Patriots would not run it, most of them, without pay. It makes no difference what we call it. We denominate our legislative body the Congress. When people get mad at the Congress and cannot find anything else mean to say, they say we talk too much. Well, I used to be rather inclined to think sometimes that the Senate does talk too much, but I have somewhat changed my notion about that. There should be some place in this Government where a thing can be really and thoroughly and minutely discussed. Of course, discussion and debate should not be extended so as to obstruct meritorious legislation which the people want.

Those who growl about the Congress talking too much had better get out their dictionary and study it a little. What do you suppose the word "parliament" means in the dictionary sense? Whether we are enamored of the English or not, that is the oldest legislative body in the world. It literally means "a talking body." Bless your souls, that is what it was elected for—to talk; not to indulge in foolish talk, but to talk about the principles of governments, the business of the country, and things like that.

Half the bills that we work at are prepared by somebody

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outside of Congress. Congress does not have to swallow them as they come here.

In this supreme crisis of our welfare—not of ours alone but of the whole world's affairs—it is the duty of every American, male or female, native or naturalized, to support, aid, and sustain the Government in every manner possible—mentally, morally, physically, financially. That is the plain, imperative duty we owe to our ancestors, to ourselves, and above all to our posterity. From time immemorial orators, philosophers, statesmen, and poets have exalted patriotism as the sublimest virtue. It is sweet and glorious to live and work for one's country, and we can all do that much. We cannot in good conscience do less. Patriotism does not consist entirely in public speeches, braying bands, flag-bedecked parades, and vociferous asseverations of love of country, but genuine patriotism consists in being a thoroughgoing American citizen, discharging all the various duties of citizenship every day of the 365, thereby showing forth the blessings and glories of our free and beneficent institutions to all the world. That is the real way for any of us to prove our patriotism, for it is written:

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

Sometime ago President Wilson published by far the strongest, the clearest, the most far-resounding of his State papers, stating in extenso his views on peace proposals. He is of right the mouthpiece, the spokesman of this mighty people, and his statement has been read of all men and will be read forever and forever. No nation will long endure or deserves to endure that does not protect all of its citizens wherever they may be, by land or sea.

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THE CITY

CLINTON SCOLLARD

THERE is a mighty city
Where dawn and dusk are one,
For therein all the dwellers
Sleep on from sun to sun.

Along its quiet highways
There is no sound of words,
Only in lyric April
The silvern speech of birds.

No voice of chaffer rises;
There come no argosies,
Only in sunny summer
The traffic of the bees.

There is no eye to glory
In autumn's pomp and pride,
Nor in the red auroras
At winter's midnight-tide.

Yet in that quiet city,
Beneath its sheltering boughs,
Upon some unknown morrow
I shall take up my house.

At the Great Master's bidding
I shall have lodging there,
With a white peace about me
More soothing than is prayer.

I shall have passed the portal
Of clay, and shall be free,
And shall have read the riddle
Of all mortality.

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THE COAL HOLD-UP

JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

THERE are hundreds of thousands of worthy citizens this fall who haven't two lumps of coal to rub together in their coal bins.

"There is no shortage of coal," declares our Fuel Administrator.

"There is a great shortage of coal," insist the Coal Barons.

Is there—or is there not? And who is to blame?

The Fuel Administrator has fixed a low and reasonable price, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

The Coal Barons are charging exorbitant prices just the same.

The Ultimate Consumer and his wife and his babies are shivering.

Whose fault is it?

War is the universal excuse for everything high. It is the lament of the extortionate corner grocery man, the answer of the profiteering manufacturer.

It is now the alibi of the Coal Barons. The coal consumer knows that there was more coal mined last year than in 1915. Government statistics show that. In 1915 there were 458,504,890 tons mined, in 1916 there were 474,660,176 tons mined. That's quite a difference—16,155,286 tons!

What about 1917? According to the United States Geological Survey there will be mined this year 660,000,000 tons. This is nearly 203,000,000 more tons of coal mined this year than in 1915, and according to government statistics, this year's coal production over that of 1916 is 185,000,000 tons!

Yet the Coal Baron cries "shortage."

Upon the Fuel Administrator is the burden of proof! The coal producer, the coal dealer, sits tight.

The Chairman of one big coal dealers' association urges that there is more manufacturing going on now than ever

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before. That's one excuse for shortage. Stop a moment and think about it. The commissioner is right. There *is* more manufacturing going on, and this means more coal. But it is *soft coal!* There is no noticeable increase in the consumption of anthracite coal, yet the output of hard coal has increased vastly over that of last year and the year before. We've mined more anthracite this year than ever before in the history of the country.

The government has put an embargo on bunker coal of South American ships touching here on their way to neutral European countries, with cargoes or any part of cargoes that might be intended to aid our enemy. This embargo releases more soft coal for our manufacturers and this, in turn, releases more hard coal. Yet there is the same shortage and the same extortionate price.

Take the case of Private John Smith, enlisted, and "somewhere in France"—doing his bit, risking his life for his country. John's family is supported by a younger brother or an old father. They have no coal. Day by day they get dab by dab—fuel by the bucket, at the rate of about eighteen dollars a ton!

Hats off to Private John Smith, U. S. A. Then let's put our hats on again and go see the coal dealer whose bunkers are overflowing with coal but who tells John's people that owing to the "shortage" he can give them but a little coal and that at cash in advance.

Why the cash in advance? Uncle Sam isn't paying Private John Smith a penny in advance for this month's work. John goes into the trenches—and becomes a target for enemy shells and gas bombs and liquid fire and incendiary bullets without his cash in advance. If he lives through it he gets his wages. And John is patriotic enough to glory in it!

Here's a case for the Fuel Administrator! What is the cause of this? Whose fault is it?

Who is our Fuel Administrator? What are his qualifications? How did he chance to be appointed? What has he accomplished thus far?

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Taking these natural queries one at a time, we find that Dr. Harry Augustus Garfield, A.B., LL.D., son of the twentieth president of the United States and president of Williams College up in Massachusetts, holds the important appointive office of Fuel Administrator.

As far as can be learned his qualifications consist of a thorough education in the classics.

He was appointed by President Wilson, whose son-in-law, Francis B. Sayer, is a member of the faculty of the college of which Mr. Garfield is the head.

What he has, at this writing, accomplished consists mainly of a ruling as to the price of coal, quoted in full elsewhere in this article, and in giving ear to every large consumer demanding cheaper coal, according to a speech by Representative Bland of Indiana on October 2, in Congress.

Dr. Garfield is a dignified, pleasant, highly educated gentleman, thoroughly academic and with little if any experience outside the halls of learning where theory of necessity is the instructor's stock in trade.

He has a comfortable chair in a comfortable office in Washington and is evidently trying to set in motion some sort of machinery that will perfect an organization for handling the coal situation. Already the frost is on the pumpkin, cold weather has set in and the people—the citizens who have homes and families, who work and pay taxes and rear children destined, in their turn, to work and pay taxes, the bone and sinew of our nation—are shivering and there is no coal to be secured from the dealer.

Why our Fuel Administrator does not administrate some coal into the bins of our suffering citizens, seems quite a proper question to ask. But there seems little hope that an adequate, satisfactory answer can be given for many cold, freezing and possibly zero weeks.

In addition to the central office of the Fuel Administrator in Washington, Dr. Garfield is planning his organization of ten or fifteen thousand men, but the machinery isn't yet in motion. The plans are for a fuel administrator in every state, another in every county in every state and others in

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big cities and towns. These sub abs sub-sub fuel administrators are to have other assistants or sub-sub-sub fuel administrators.

Dr. Garfield proposes to administrate down through this galaxy of fuel officials, these subordinates will, in turn, administer through administrating committees until the mines, the jobbers and the dealers are reached.

By that time, at the rate of progress now, it will be the season for oiling up the lawn mower and getting out the screens. The work will be something like this:

A county committee determines how much coal is required for the spot and the season needs of the county and says what is available for the rest of the state and elsewhere, the State administrator determines the needs of the State and what is available elsewhere; the Fuel Administration in Washington will decide the needs of the country at large and where the coal is most needed and will decide what surplus is available for export to the Allies. The priority shipment authority of the War Industries Board will be invoked to see that the coal is moved to the places it is most needed and that cars are available.

But just now, right this minute, there are hundreds of thousands of homes where not an ounce of coal is in the bin and not an ounce can be procured. The demand for coal is constantly increasing. Complaints by the thousand a day are pouring into Washington. Dr. Garfield says there is no shortage. The coal dealers say there is a shortage.

Does that settle it?

Or is it possible for the Coal Administrator to find out at once how much coal the dealers have on hand, how much they have bought, how fast it is coming to them?

Is there a law to make the coal dealer tell the truth about his coal supply and to sell his coal?

If not, what's the value of a law fixing the price of coal if the baron can sit back, refuse to sell at the legal price and declare that he has no coal?

Not all coal dealers are coal barons. Some are actually short of coal, some are afraid to buy until they know where

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the Coal Administrator is going to "light," some prefer to hold their coal until they find out whether they can be forced to sell or may hold until the demand boosts the price up to $20 a ton!

While sitting in his office and trying to build up this great ten-thousand man-power machine to help administer the fuel of this country, Dr. Garfield suggests that we all keep our homes five degrees cooler!

As most of us have our rooms of an even temperature with the great surrounding out-of-doors, why the necessity to make them colder? The babies and the sick and the very old cannot stand a low temperature. Dr. Garfield says this would save anthracite. Save the anthracite for what? For whom? The ships have sufficient soft coal. The railroads have sufficient coal. Manufacturers do not use much anthracite.

The threatened strike among bituminous coal miners has been settled because the miners have been sufficiently patriotic not to insist upon their first demands for the big increase in wages. An increased output is certain. We are not going to send any more, or at least not as much coal to Canada, according to Washington. Our Fuel Administrator, according to the official government bulletin of October 2, has stopped all shipments of coal to Canada from the great lake ports.

Is it a case of car shortage? Let us see. A million box cars would reach almost around the rim of the United States. We have 2,300,000 box cars. They are in great demand for shipping goods. But the old open-faced coal cars—and there is no other kind—are just as plentiful as ever. Explosives and provisions and such things must be sent in box cars. Coal improves by a wetting down in open cars.

Is there really a freight car shortage now? Notwithstanding all the claims, look at the bulletins sent out by the American Railway Association. They are issued both through its local board in New York City and through its special War Board in Washington. Briefly these are the figures:

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May 1, 1917, freight car shortage...167,653 cars
July 1, 1917, freight car shortage...105,782 cars
August 1, 1917, freight car shortage. 33,776

Every month it has been going down. It is practically nil now; practically nil when it is considered that we have 2,300,000 cars in this country. Judge Robert Scott Lovett, Administrator of freight priority, is doing his bit. Perhaps we need an Administrator of Coal Barons, a man with the power to say, "My accountants will examine your books, your coal on hand, your orders for more coal," and then do it. A man who could then publicly advertise that "Coal Dealer So-And-So has so many tons of coal on hand which he will sell to the first who come at such and such a price." If Mr. Coal Baron refuses, the Administrator of Coal Barons should peddle out the Coal Baron's coal for him and possibly send him to Atlanta along with the other slackers, if the hold-up is his fault.

Why does not the Fuel Administrator get together with the Administrator of Priority and see that sufficient cars are reserved for the transportation of coal? Whether open or box cars. Why does Mr. Coal Baron sit back complacently and bemoan the fact (?) that he is short of coal, when a trip to his coal trestles, dumps and pockets will show miniature Matterhorns of peaks of shimmering anthracite? The consumer says he is short of coal. Take a peep into his cellar and you won't find two lumps to rub together. We must, obviously, believe him. Dr. Garfield laid down the law. Here it is:

> "On and after the 1st day of October, 1917, in making prices and sales to consumers, the retail gross margin added by any retail dealer to the average cost of any size or grade of coal or coke for each class of business shall not exceed the average gross margin added by such dealer for the same size or grade for each class of business during the calendar year 1915, plus 30 per cent. of said retail gross margin for the calendar year 1915;

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provided, however, THAT THE RETAIL GROSS MARGIN ADDED BY ANY RETAIL DEALER FOR THE SAME SIZE, GRADE AND CLASS OF BUSINESS DURING JULY, 1917, SHALL IN NO CASE EXCEED THE AVERAGE ADDED BY SUCH DEALER."

"We do not understand Fuel Administrator Garfield's order" say the dealers, "we are confused. We must go through our books and investigate and try and straighten out this matter and see what we can do."

The president has directed Dr. Garfield to tell the dealers plainly and explicitly just what they can do and he has done so. Yet they are confused. With the Fuel Administrator and the Administrator of Priority and the Coal Baron sitting around the table holding their cards close to their chests and waiting for someone to open the pot, there is a great stack of white chips on the table, each pallid chip representing a chilled Ultimate Consumer.

The game is, from all appearances, "freeze-out."

The greatest—from the standpoint of size only—is the Coal Dealers' Association of New York City. Arthur L. Rice is its Commissioner. Mr. Rice is a keen, thoroughly educated gentleman, who has coal statistics and railroad statistics so thoroughly trained that they will lie down and roll over or jump through a hoop for him. And yet, after reading Dr. Garfield's order, he is quoted as saying:

"The situation is a bit rickety and we are up in the air over coal prices. The dealers are busy going over their books to ascertain what their 1915 prices were, so as to be in a position to base a calculation in compliance with the published desires of Dr. Garfield. It is my conviction that a profit of 50 cents per ton on Domestic sizes and 25 cents per ton on Steam sizes would be a fair one."

The emphasis on "domestic" and "steam" is my own. By domestic, he means the coal that goes to the home, to the small bin of the hard-working man who is raising and supporting a family of citizens which is, if every authority is to be believed, our nation's greatest asset.

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By steam, he means the great coal-storing basements and sheds of corporations which annually, generally quarterly, declare very large and soothing dividends—corporations that can better afford to pay a dollar more per ton for the coal used than the hard-working citizen can afford to pay an extra nickel.

The big corporation is rather independent. If it cannot get coal at a reasonable figure from this or that dealer it can charter a few fleets of coal cars, buy at the mouth of the mine and thus supply its own coal without any middlemen.

But if Mr. Common Citizen wants coal, he must hustle around, make many sacrifices and let little Willie and Susie go without shoes in order to dig up the cash in advance for a ton of coal. Of course he has another alternative—he can go without coal.

A New York City coal dealer who is neither one of the biggest nor smallest dealers in that commodity but a good representative of the average coal dealer, was to give me a statement on the situation. On the day appointed I was told that he had not come in from his Long Island estate. On the next day I was told that he was so busy getting settled in his town house on the Drive that he wouldn't be down. On the third day he drove up to his office in a car that cost about $4,000. His chauffeur opened the door for him. He entered his private office briskly. Plainly he had been tubbed and barbered and manicured. His raiment was all the late Ward McAllister could ask. He lighted a cigar that never cost less than thirty-five cents, by the thousand, adjusted the diamond horseshoe in his tie and smiled genially at me.

"Why," I ventured to ask, "is coal so high?"

"Conditions," he attempted to look disheartened, "we cannot control these conditions. In 1915 we conducted our business at a loss and since then matters have been worse. We cannot make any profit today!"

This should be a warning to anyone contemplating entering the coal business. Don't do it! If you do the chances are that you will be forced to live on a big shore estate in summer and in a Riverside Drive town house in winter and

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put up with a $4,000 car, all because of the inability to make any profit in coal!

But it is, after all, a much involved question. How long will the Administrator of Priority in freight transportation allow the claim to be made that there is a shortage of coal cars?

How long will our Fuel Administrator allow the dealers to fiddle around and claim they are trying to find out what their 1915 prices were?

How long will the public allow its city officials to hold office and shut their eyes to these pirate Coal Barons who have plenty of coal but won't sell over a ton or so, and that at many dollars more than it should cost and on a cash basis of your money-before-you-get-a-lump?

The question is considerably involved. It's more of a freezing than a burning question.

Of course we could all go to Palm Beach this winter and thus escape coal bills, but for one thing—our disinclination to mix with certain Coal Dealers who always spend their winters there.

Perhaps some inventive genius will give us a fuel oil heater that will keep the house warm at half the cost of a furnace. If he would he'd get a statue as high as Washington monument.

For nearly ten months the Hon. Oscar E. Bland, Representative from Indiana, has been trying to get some action in regard to the coal situation. He foresaw what would happen. He urged that something be done at once. If the work of building up an adequate fuel administration machine had been started back at our declaration of war with Germany, when Representative Bland urged that such measures be adopted, it is logical to assume that there would be coal in bins that are empty today and warmth in homes that are as cold and cheerless as the silent tomb today.

Representative Bland does not believe Dr. Garfield has many qualifications for handling the nation's fuel problem. In his address in the House of Representatives on October 2, he said:

"Dr. Garfield, a splendid gentleman, but, as far as I

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know, without any special knowledge of the coal question, was by the administration appointed as coal director, or coal dictator, and he immediately gave attentive ear to every large consumer who demanded cheaper coal. Such men as Mr. Insull, the great utilities king of Chicago, who uses half a million cars of screenings every year, and the Armour plant, of Chicago, who are very large consumers, demanded that a lower price be fixed, and Mr. Insull today is buying his screenings at $1.70 per ton instead of $2.75 as a result of the efforts of himself and others who worked with him. Without due investigation, without proper consideration, without going into detail, without weighing the consequences or making proviso or exceptions, and, as I remember it now, without the coal producer being heard, the coal dictator arbitrarily fixed a price on coal of $1.70 for screenings and $1.90 for mine run.

"I am informed that C. H. Penna, secretary of the Indiana Coal Operators, in conversation with Dr. Garfield the other day, said in substance, that a coal famine was sure to overtake us by January 1. Dr. Garfield asked him what could be done to prevent it. Mr. Penna said that he feared it was too late to prevent it—to much harm had already been done and that this famine was in fact upon us now.

"Now, gentlemen, I have given you the facts as I get them. I am not an alarmist, and I do not want to too severely criticize anyone connected with the present administration. They have a hard task to perform and some of those in charge have been selected without any regard to their qualifications. In my opinion some of them have been selected largely because of political or personal friendships only. They are, no doubt, doing the best they can, but we must learn something from our experiences, and must not permit this intolerable condition to continue to exist and daily grow worse."

Naturally the coal dealer is loth to make open charges of inefficiency at Washington but he says and says with emphasis that regulation will never be successful or possible under the present Garfield theories. He claims that he can-

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not meet the demands for coal even at a loss, if the inefficiency of regulation continues. It is a serious situation, he declares. He cannot sell at a cent's profit under the present schedule of regulation, he asserts; furthermore he cannot get coal—and that isn't his fault, he claims. Is it true?

Whose fault is it? asks the man with the empty bin.

Dr. Garfield says there is no shortage of coal.

The dealer will not sell, except in ton or half-ton lots at an exorbitant price and repeats, over and over, "There *is* a shortage of coal."

Mr. Man with the empty coal bin, whose fault is it?

Why not investigate your own dealer? Get an expert to estimate the amount of coal he has on hand. Send a trusted fellow citizen to find out where he gets his coal, how much he has got, how much he is paying for it. These things can be done.

During one alleged coal shortage year this was done in Worcester, Mass. A dealer who pointed to his coal pockets and said, "see how empty they are" was found to have twenty barges of coal in the harbor at New London, with orders to hold it there and ship up in small quantities as commanded. This dealer could afford to pay for keeping the barges tied up. He was getting $20 a ton by the ton and about $40 a ton when he sold it to the poor people by the basket.

When it became public that this dealer had all that coal tied up and at the same time gave out statements that he could get coal only a few tons at a time, he promptly announced that he had managed to get some coal, he filled his coal pockets and his prices dropped. Other dealers followed suit.

Why not try this plan now?

This is a case of holding every one guilty until he is proven innocent.

A great many of the small dealers—not the big coal barons—have a much smaller supply of coal than in normal times at this season. These are the little individual dealers.

The Fuel Administrator is seeking to learn just how

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much coal they have on hand, by means of telegrams. He is also appointing more state fuel administrators.

"Look to the government and not to the operators for your coal supply" is the statement of big coal dealers.

"The coal operators are in a propaganda to reduce the production of coal and thus embarrass the government and make it set a higher standard of prices" is the indignant statement of officials high in government service.

Will the coal barons get away with it?

Or will our government fine each offender $5,000 and imprison him for two years, as the law provides?

And how many of us will succumb to the cold meanwhile?

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FRANK A. VANDERLIP—THE MAN BEHIND THE WAR CHEST

EDWIN WILDMAN

THERE are soldiers in the counting-house at home who are fighting this war no less violently than those who throw their physical selves over the trenches in France. Real patriotism adjusts itself quickly in the most effective war service. The public, particularly the middle-aged public, is unable yet to realize that our whole nation and our whole national resources are at war; that the President and the War Council are mobilizing every human, material and physical unit of the country, to make a crushing smash against the German war machine.

They will begin to realize it when their pockets are heavily touched, and their food is greatly restricted—two eventualities close upon us.

The boys can fight, the mothers can save, the men at home can work, but the bankers must raise the money, keep raising it and keep the war chest full. For purposes of patriotism a well distributed loan is a valuable war asset, but the bankers know that in the history of wars it is they who must, in the last analysis, supply the nation's fighting money. They must supply it because they know where the money is and they know credits—they know the economics of raising a $20,000,000,000 loan and disbursing it through the channels of trade. And the public knows or should know that when the bankers "take their allotment" and stand behind the Treasury calls the country's economics are safe; would that as much could be said of the big manufacturers of industrialism, of food and fuel.

America has developed some big men in finance. We are leading the world today. Our great financial institutions, built upon individualism, now co-operate. Before the war issue came alarmists viewed with apprehension the interlocking control and co-ordination of finance—today think-

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ing men—patriots—find that system the salvation of our treasury. The President has hastened to co-ordinate national resources; the banks already were co-ordinated in advance.

Standing at the head of one of the greatest groups of the world's money power is Frank A. Vanderlip. It is Mr. Vanderlip's job to sell war certificates to the monied interests of the country. He is chairman of the War Savings Certificate Committee, and like many other big men of national reputation, is contributing his services to the Government gratis. It is no reflection upon those who are being paid for national service, that Mr. Vanderlip should work free. Mr. Vanderlip can afford to, that's all, and he does it, voluntarily, which is to his credit.

It is not merely desk service and knowledge of where money is to be drawn upon that Mr. Vanderlip is giving, but personal service.

When the first Liberty Loan was offered to the public, moving picture audiences were treated to an act not upon the screen. Between the reels there appeared a tall, well-knit, masterful figure of a man with gray hair and ruddy complexion. Modest in demeanor and resonant of voice he addressed the audience, "My friends," he said:

"Think of what it would mean to make a failure of this loan; to have this nation, after coming into the war under the most superb statement of reasons that was ever given a nation to fight under, after coming into war, having the people back of the Government say: 'No, we will not financially support it!'

"Think of what that would mean to the troops under the French and British flags! Think of what it would mean to the Central Powers, the encouragement it would give them! Think of what it would mean in disorganizing ourselves at home!

"Why! We cannot make a failure of this loan! There was never a greater duty before the men of this country than to see to it that it is not only a success, but an overwhelming success!"

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This man was Frank Vanderlip, the President of the National City Bank, one of the greatest financial and commercial institutions in the world.

And so this head of America's biggest national bank went to the people—and got them. He was able to do this because he has always been one of the people, he knows of their struggles and he knows their viewpoint of life. Any man who began life working in a shop for seventy-five cents a day is quite likely to know the people. Mr. Vanderlip set out to reach the people in the most practical manner possible—the moving picture audiences. He wanted the people behind the loan, behind the government's pledge to fight —and he won many a financial trench.

A WIDESPREAD CAMPAIGN

His efforts in behalf of the first issue of the Liberty Bonds had much to do with its overwhelming success. Just how many millions he converted from the pockets and bank deposits of the people into Liberty Bonds cannot be known, but the sum would prove astounding. Always an eloquent speaker, always a man who "said something" when he spoke, he went into the campaign with his whole heart. No speaker is more welcomed than Mr. Vanderlip. Associations of bankers and other financial organizations are eager to hear him, and he addressed hundreds of such representative gatherings. But that was not all.

"The people want to know about these Liberty Bonds," he said one day, "the people who possess small savings should understand their advantage and know the help that their purchase will be to the country."

He instituted a wide-spread campaign and got an army of other speakers to follow his lead in every place possible to speak before public gatherings. He went into hundreds of moving picture houses. Frequently, coming from an early banquet where he had addressed in technical financial terms a gathering of men representing millions of dollars, he would hurry to a moving-picture theatre and talk to the people in

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the audience—talk plainly, in terms all understood. His words were interesting, they aroused enthusiasm and patriotism and never failed to boost the subscription to bonds as a direct result.

Naturally the immense success of the first Liberty Loan was a great satisfaction to Mr. Vanderlip, and his efforts were fully appreciated in Washington and everywhere else, especially by those men who knew his duties at his bank and what his sacrifice of time and energy meant to him. And naturally, when the second big loan was about to be launched they thought of Vanderlip at Washington.

"We need him," said the President.

"We must have him," declared Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo.

VANDERLIP RESIGNS FROM THE BANK

And so they asked Mr. Vanderlip if they could count on his further services. He made one of his many hurried trips to Washington and talked it over. The work of the War Savings Certificates Committee was outlined. The Liberty Loan finance was big, and important, but Mr. Vanderlip is big—and patriotic.

"I will resign my position as president of the National, and devote *all* of my time to this work" he promptly declared, and joy reigned in the hearts of the many powers that be in the Capitol.

From nine o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night Mr. Vanderlip is "on the job" at his desk in the little room where he first worked in Washington. Four days a week he puts in at this sort of work and two days a week he is making speeches. Every speech is for Uncle Sam, every word is from his heart, and everything he says has a direct beneficial result.

Not satisfied with all of this, he is doing many other things for his Government. Among them is his valuable activities in behalf of the movement to provide books for the army, the movement which has for a slogan "A million dollars for a million books for a million soldiers!" Mr.

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Vanderlip is Chairman of the War Library Committee, and that responsible position means still more work.

"There is no doubt but what we shall speedily raise the million dollars for books," said Mr. Vanderlip when he took up the work. He had not been directing the affairs of this committee very long before a score of governors issued special proclamations about it, urging co-operation in the work, hundreds of branch committees were organized, authors, publishers, librarians and individuals all over the country became interested, due to his efforts, and the books are assured.

STARTED AT SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A DAY

It is only because Mr. Vanderlip is far more than a banker that he is able to volunteer and to do this gigantic amount of work for the Government. A man who is a banker and only a banker and nothing more could not possibly perform these tasks. Mr. Vanderlip is a banker who sees over the top of his desk. His world is not limited within the bounds of stocks and bonds, investments, securities, and banking methods.

At the very beginning of his career he had an experience that few bankers have been fortunate enough to secure. He started as a poor boy. This is said of many men, yet if you dig into their past you will find that most of them had a college education and special training before they started. Whatever university training Mr. Vanderlip secured was solely by means of saving his small earnings and studying at the same time he was working.

When in his early teens his father, who was a small farmer, died. The boy found work in a shop that turned out woodworking machinery. His pay was seventy-five cents a day. Later he earned $1.25 a day and all this time he was studying. When he reached home at night his good mother had one corner of the little supper table cleared and had placed there his books and papers. The boy propped an arithmetic before him and studied as he ate. He saved from his very meagre earnings sufficient to pay for lessons

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from a man competent to teach higher mathematics. He got beyond this teacher and found another. He took up drafting and worked hard over that.

"Why?" they asked him.

"Just getting ready for opportunity, when it comes, because if a chap isn't prepared for it, it won't be opportunity—for him, but for the fellow who *is* prepared," was his answer.

And later, after he had worked a while in this little machine shop, one of the bosses told him he was doing good work.

"Look here, Frank; at the rate you are going you'll be a foreman at twenty-five, earning $21 a week," the boss told him.

"And what then?" he queried.

"What then? What then? Isn't that enough? What do you expect—to own the plant?"

BECOMES A STENOGRAPHER

Young Vanderlip said nothing, but thought it over. He took up the home study of stenography and became proficient in it and one day got a job on a local newspaper, in Aurora, Ill., his birthplace. He was an "all 'round" reporter there. Aurora wasn't much of a place for financial news and the local reporter "covered" impartially the police court, church festival, and any items of interest he might glean from the bank, one of his ports in his daily rounds.

His next step was a jump to Chicago to work on a "real" paper. Chicago was beginning to be the big financial center of the West. Young Vanderlip landed a job on the *Tribune,* which was the big paper of that section. From the very beginning he became interested in the financial news. He got into the financial department of this paper. Making out the stock and bond tables daily, changing the quotations, watching the opening, highest, lowest and closing quotations was a delight to him. He was sent out for small financial interviews and he made them big until finally he became financial editor of the *Tribune.*

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There were no secretaries and assistants for the financial editor in those days. Vanderlip "hoofed it" from bank to bank and got his news, he watched the wheat pit, he made hundreds of acquaintances among the bankers and other financial men and became trusted because of his conservatism. He was never spectacular in his newspaper work. He hated crooked banking, crooked finance, and wherever he detected a crooked head he banged it vigorously until the financial crooks feared him.

Then he took up a side line, associate editor of the *Economist,* Chicago, a financial journal. About this time he took a little trip of adventure, sailing to China and Manila and seeing much and writing much. But he came back to his old love—financial writing in Chicago.

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE IN FINANCE

It was said by such men as P. D. Armour and Lyman J. Gage that Vanderlip knew more about finance than any man in Chicago. He was certainly trusted by all the big financial men there. In 1896 came the great failure of Moore Brothers. Mr. Vanderlip was called to the house of P. D. Armour and told about it. Nothing had leaked out about it at that time.

"Can we keep this from the public?" he was asked.

"No, sir, it will certainly leak out," he answered.

"We can keep it out of the papers. Will you do your best to help us?"

"The story will come out, it will grow, it will become distorted, pressure will be so great papers will have to print something of it days after it happened, which will cause more fear and a panic will result. I should advise printing the truth—'conservatively,'" was Vanderlip's judgment, and the house of Armour abided by this judgment, and gave him full charge of handling the story. Every other financial writer had to come to Vanderlip for the story and to take what he gave out. He handled this so cleverly, with such ingenious conservatism that the big panic which it was feared would sweep the city, was averted.

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Lyman J. Gage was president of the First National Bank of Chicago when McKinley appointed him Secretary of the Treasury. Gage was one of the bankers upon whom Vanderlip, as a writer of financial articles for the *Tribune,* called for information. Gage became interested in the young man. He liked him for his clean-cut, sturdy appearance, his firm, warm hand-clasp and his directness in approaching and handling a subject. He approved of his articles and trusted him. One day, after Vanderlip had called, talked and departed from Mr. Gage's office, Gage turned to a friend and said:

"That young man is going to make his mark. He knows what he wants when he comes here, and he gives me a feeling that he actually knows more about the subject on which he is seeking information than I do. Watch him."

When Vanderlip called upon Mr. Gage to congratulate him on his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury, Gage asked him to sit down and chat.

"Vanderlip," he said, suddenly, "how would you like to come on to Washington with me?"

"In what capacity?" demanded Vanderlip.

"As my private secretary," and Gage named the salary.

"I'll go. Thank you for the position," said Vanderlip, and he shook hands and departed. That was his direct method of handling any subject or question and his speed in arriving at a decision.

March, 1897, found him at a desk outside Secretary Gage's private office—the room he now occupies as Chairman of the War Savings Certificate Committee at a salary of one dollar a year for the duration of the war—where part of his duties consisted of meeting everyone seeking Mr. Gage, acting as a buffer between them and the Secretary and yet sending such of them as Gage did not want to see away contented rather than aggrieved. Vanderlip's charming personality, his natural eloquence and his tact which has always been of the diplomatic sort fitted him well for this position.

But in these years he had been doing far more than

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working in a machine shop, working in a broker's office for a few months and writing financial news. He had been studying every phase of finance. Not only the stock market, but bonds—everything in fact that had to do with finance. His ability to grasp the affairs Secretary Gage gave him to handle was surprising and in June of that same year Vanderlip ceased becoming an unknown, a private secretary to an official, and became a somebody, the Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury.

No better qualified man ever filled that position before or since. A year after he became assistant secretary the chance of his lifetime came. At least he so regarded it. The Spanish War necessitated a bond issue. Congress had voted a popular loan of $200,000,000. It was immense then. Today it is but one tenth of the amount of securities Mr. Vanderlip is selling and about one thirtieth of the funds under his disposition. In 1898 he was entrusted with the floating of the Spanish War Bond issues. This is the way he has described the handling of that loan, nearly a score of years ago:

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR LOAN

"I put five hundred men to work. Within a day the mails were taking out printed matter to every National, State and private bank in the country, to every postmaster, to every express office, and to twenty-four thousand editors of newspapers.

"The subscription closed at three o'clock on the afternoon of July 14. There were 320,000 subscribers and they asked for $1,400,000,000 in bonds. During the last two days we received fifty thousand letters."

In 1901 Mr. Vanderlip made an extensive tour of Europe and other parts of the Old World in the interests of American commerce and finance. The result of this trip was of immense value to American business. He was the first person to come back from such a trip and, without mincing words, tell American manufacturers exactly what the matter was with them. In speeches and in writings he

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made it plain that our manufacturers did not know how to, or would not, pack their goods properly. He made it clear that we lost immense quantities of trade because our goods were shipped in the flimsiest of packing cases or put up in a cheap manner that would not stand the hard knocks of shipping. As a result our goods arrived in poor condition, badly damaged, and frequently ruined. Although this was made good by some the delay was something that could not be brooked. Foreign manufacturers shipped goods so as to arrive in perfect condition and the people of various distant countries, being able to depend on them, preferred them to ours.

All this was far from pleasing to many of our manufacturers, but Vanderlip didn't write his report to please anyone, but to help American commerce by pointing out faults so that they might be remedied. Wise manufacturers learned and profited.

FROM THE TREASURY TO THE NATIONAL CITY BANK

Secretary Gage believed that the National City Bank of New York needed just such a man as Vanderlip. The officials of the bank believed the same thing. They knew of his ability, his knowledge of the inner workings of the United States Treasury, his wonderful general knowledge of finance, his knowledge of commercial conditions here and abroad and—above all—his special ability as an orator. And he was made one of the vice-presidents of that bank. Eight years later he became president of the bank and during the eight years that have elapsed since then he turned his attention to extending the bank's connections in Europe and made it a great international institution.

The amazing, almost unbelievable, spurt that our second Liberty Bond campaign made from the very beginning was due to Vanderlip methods. Just as he called for $200,000,000 in 1896 and within a few weeks secured subscriptions for $1,400,000,000 by means of his energy and his knowledge of handling such gigantic affairs, so he has been able to do big things for his Government now.

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The whole secret of his success lies in two things—his patriotism and his knowledge. Vanderlip knows. He knows how to appeal, how to reach the people, all the people, in the quickest space of time. He knows where to get the most money, how to apportionate the demands and how to swing the whole massive deal. He knows finance through and through.

This is because he knows more than plain banking. Because he knows men and banks and cities and states and nations. Because he knows commerce and industry and crops and big international situations.

He is one of the most charming men to meet in public life. Early in manhood his hair turned gray. For many years his mustache was black and lent an imposing appearance. Now he is the sort of a man who stands out in a crowd. As an entertainer he is a leader. His charming wife is always active in good works and together at their beautiful home, "Beechwood," at Scarborough-on-Hudson, they have entertained scores of the dignitaries of the world and some of the most representative and remarkable gatherings of these times.

He is a director in many railroads, banks and other big enterprises. But he has dropped everything now for his Government. Four men will manage the bank during his absence from it because he will not be hampered with anything that will interfere with his service for Uncle Sam. While one general will command divisions and army corps in tactics, Vanderlip is a civilian "general" who can command the movements of dollars, without which the army could not exist.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

When traveling through Europe in behalf of American commerce he was walking "Under the Lindens" with a German statesman. From the German he was learning much of commercial and financial conditions there and in return was "boosting" his own country. The German was endeavoring to claim supremacy in everything for Germany,

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while Mr. Vanderlip was contending that because of the resources of the United States and the ingenuity of our workmen and the tireless energy of our capitalists the commerce of this country must gain supremacy over the world.

"Already," declared Mr. Vanderlip, "we are sending 'Russian' leather to Russia, 'Rhine' wine to France, cotton fabrics to Manchester and sauerkraut to Germany."

Just then a regiment of soldiers, headed by a band, stiffly goose-stepped down the street. The German statesman paused and watched them with a glowing face. The band was playing one of Sousa's marches.

"There," exclaimed the German, waving his hand proudly toward the soldiers, "there is the symbol of our ultimate dominion in all things. You see we are *the* military nation."

"Yes," replied Vanderlip, "and they are marching now, as your people always must march, *to an American tune!*"

Just how far did Vanderlip, the man who could always look out far beyond the top of his bank desk, see into the future?

IF COME THE DAYS

ADIN BALLOU

IF come the days my lips are shut of singing,
And I, in my new silence, make no sign,
Though Beauty walk forsaken ways of mine
And I am gone from all her wonder-bringing:

Though I am still, methinks then I shall hearken
More keenly yet for sounds that ever stirred,
For April-utterance and an earth-loved word,
Content to let fresh Heaven wait and darken—

Content if I but hear your voice, and after,
One broken echo of your saddened laughter.

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THE LOGIC AND PASSIONS OF WAR

[THOUGHTS AND PROPHECIES]

MAX NORDAU

First Article

THE company around the dinner table at the club comprised only eminent intellectuals: men of letters, professors at the university, an engineer, a canon. The conversation rolled about the war. What else should intellectuals at present talk about? All the diners were enthusiasts of the war. It must be said that the scene passed in a neutral capital. All but one, who differed, a meek pacifist. While the others exalted the heroism of the soldiers, the firmness of the chiefs, the stoicism, gallantry, and contempt of death of the airmen and mariners, the ingeniosity of the governments in discovering ever new, and seemingly inexhaustible, resources, he timidly objected that war, on the whole, was a barbarism, and that, quite apart from the bloodshed, the wholesale destruction, the reign of violence and terror, mankind had entirely lost nearly three years during which the human mind had everywhere ceased working. Since the summer of 1914, nothing had been produced anywhere, not a single creation of art, of literature, of philosophy with a pretension to lasting value, not a single scientific discovery advancing our knowledge of nature, not a single invention ameliorating our conditions of life.

He had a fine success. From all sides violent protests were raised. The philosopher crushed him with a sweeping generalization. His assertion was entirely unfounded; but even if it were true, it would not signify anything; for what are three years in the evolution of mankind, which counted by hundreds of centuries?

"What?" asked the author hotly. "The brains have idled during three years of war? Just the opposite. They were more active than ever. The number of books published passes

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by far that of peace time—20,000 volumes in the various countries. True, they are mostly assemblages of newspaper articles, but they are literature all the same."

The art critic cut in: "Neither have the artists stopped work. And what noble subjects they treat! Their themes magnify them. They do not paint any more three oysters and a bottle of Chablis or a tree of broomstick shape in a square spot of spinage green, they do not mould a ridiculous bust or a twisted female. They glorify their country, sacrifice, heroism. Look at the drawings published by the papers."

"Caricatures," interrupted the pacifist.

"If you like—how witty, how vehement, how mordant they are! Look at the exhibitions of sketches from the trenches, at the portraits fixing historic figures, at the allegories expressing elevated thoughts, at the first drafts of future monuments of the victories which are to be gained—does not all this bear witness to an exceptional intensity of creative impulsions? The events of these last three years have prodigiously recundated the artistic genius of mankind."

"And science," the clinical professor held forth sententiously, "did not lag behind art and literature. What fine achievements have we not to register almost every day! Dr. Weinberg, of the Paris Pasteur Institute, has found a serum which gives promise to cure perhaps gaseous gangrene——"

"Which is scarcely ever observed in peace time," the pacifist ventured to object.

"That does not matter," continued the professor with authority; "the merit remains the same. Dr. Berillon, the eminent neurologist, has discovered the Bromohydrose of the Germans, that strange infirmity which causes the unhappy Teutons to exhale permanently a foul and nauseous stench, a remarkable anthropological peculiarity of the race. Dr. Carrel, the great surgeon and physiologist of the Rockefeller Institute of New York, has shown that the most efficient disinfectant is a solution of hypochloride of lime. It is true that this salt had been employed for the same use already some

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seventy years ago, that in fact it was the first in date of all the antiseptics, prior to carbolic acid, to sublimate, to thymol, but this does not diminish the value of Dr. Carrel's find. The rediscovery of a scientific fact lapsed into oblivion may have the same importance as a new discovery. Dr. Michaelis, the excellent Berlin psychiater, has demonstrated that the hunger which people in Germany feel, or believe they feel, is in reality nothing but a psychosis, that is to say a delusion, a morbid imagination, a kind of delirium produced by exceptional circumstances. Consequently, according to my illustrious Berlin colleague, hunger does not exist. It is merely a symptom of a mental trouble. It is unnecessary to give the patient to eat, as the non-expert would undoubtedly propose; it suffices to treat him with the methods that are used in these cases. Instead of bread and meat, which there may be some difficulty in procuring, shower baths, bathing, if need be the strait jacket. How greatly this simplifies the problem of the feeding of the people! It is a discovery of huge economical moment."

"The labors of pure and applied science," completed the professor of chemistry, "place themselves worthily on the same level with those of medicine, of which my colleague has given you some striking instances. In these last three years we have learnt to know the heavy suffocating gases on the basis of chlorin and of bromine which may be sent off to a distance of several miles without special pipage, just as if they were liquids, powders or solid bodies, a quite remarkable performance."

"For inflicting a particularly cruel and awful death," sighed the pacifist.

"That is secondary," replied the professor without pausing, "and all those new combinations that have been realized as a substitution for substances having become scarce or totally wanting! There are true flashes of genius among them. This butter made of scented and dyed potato flour, this oil extracted from sewer water, this leather composed of old newspapers, these sausages of sawdust jelly filled in a skin of soluble paper, these jams without fruit nor sugar, but tast-

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ing deliciously, we are told, greatly honor the scientists who have conceived and realized them."

"Is it necessary," added the engineer, "to remind you of the numerous and important inventions which have of recent enriched the technology? Only three years ago, aircrafts carried just two aviators. Now they are armed with machine guns and bear hundreds of pounds of explosives. The Zeppelins could hold 12 to 15 persons at most; now they travel with a crew of 30 to 40 men, with only pieces of artillery, and with tons of shells. Not to speak of the submarines, which in 1914 were nut-shells easily to tread open with a kick. They might sail a distance of 100 or 150 miles, remain out at sea perhaps 24 hours, and plunge 10 yards at most. At present they are vessels of 2,000 or 3,000 tons, armed with big guns, running with the speed of a transatlantic liner, remaining for weeks on the main, skimming the oceans to their whole extent, not afraid of depths of 30 yards. And those tanks, those automatic rifles, those guns of twenty miles range—they are marvels revealing the genius of mankind."

All the table-companions agreed that the war years, far from being barren, must be counted among the most fruitful of the history of civilization. In the presence of this unanimity the pacifist broke down. But it was left to the canon to deal him the finishing blow.

"And the most beautiful in this magnificent effort of the human mind," said the saintly gentleman, turning his eyes heavenward, "is the fact that it is a work of love."

"Of love?" gasped the pacifist.

"Certainly, of love of the country."

LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS BECAUSE OF THIS "WORK OF LOVE"

I do not know if an American reader can form a clear conception of the present aspect of Europe. Of course, about the battlefields and the ruined towns and villages everything worth knowing has been learned from the papers. Illustrated periodicals and picture cards have made everybody familiar with the sight of the remains of Louvain and the Rheims Cathedral, of the woods turned into match wood and of the fields

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transformed into a sieve by shell holes. The bread and potato tickets of Germany, the sugar tickets of France, the meatless days everywhere, are likewise well known. But I doubt if it is easy or at all possible at a distance to form a true conception of the details of an average European's existence during the war years.

In belligerent countries life is almost unbearable. This is what might be expected. It requires the whole stoic philosophy and unbounded patriotism to make it endurable, and even they are scarcely sufficient to palliate the hardships of the day. Conditions in England and Germany I know only from published descriptions, but of those prevailing in France I have personal experience or direct information. The stranger who makes a passing stay in a Paris hotel will note no great difference from normal times. His bill is somewhat greater, but he does not lack anything. His meals are just as complete and abundant as ever; the heating and lighting of the rooms leave nothing to be desired; in the streets he finds tramcars and autos; he has a choice of theatres, music halls and moving picture shows; even some departments of the Louvre Museum are open to the visitor. The inhabitant, however, feels the pinch of the war in every limb. All his friends mourn a death, are in anguish for some one wounded, or yearn and fear for an absentee.

There is general dearth, and many things are beyond reach. Letters, post cards, railway tickets, cost one half more than before the war. Many trains are suspended, all have their speed reduced. Traveling requires the accomplishing of endless formalities and documents that are not always obtainable. Passing the frontier is only possible with a passport which often as not is refused. With many countries there is no postal communication whatever; with all of them it is slow and insecure. The censor opens every letter and confiscates many. The exchange of commodities is suppressed. One must put up with local production and renounce much that one is used to. Caviar and ginger must be dispensed with; certain German drugs much less so. German books are stopped at the frontier. It is impossible

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to follow the literary movement in the enemy country. Necessary articles are entirely missing. Coal can hardly be procured. Gas and electricity are scantily meted out. Street lighting is reduced; at nine o'clock in the evening it is extinguished and the town is plunged in darkness unless the moon consents to do duty. Shops are closed at six, cafés and restaurants partly at eight, others at nine. Theatres have their street fronts shrouded in obscurity and the house half murky, in part as a precaution against airships, in part to save coal. You cannot have servant girls. They find a better paying occupation in the ammunition factories. Stocks and securities can be sold at exchange after innumerable difficulties only. You have to prove that you are a native of the country and that you have purchased them, be it fifty years ago, through a French broker. Without this justification they are worthless scraps of paper.

In the neutral countries of Europe life is not quite so difficult as in those at war, but sufficiently hard. The import of wares has ceased, international traffic is practically at a standstill, black-lists outlaw merchants in one or the other half of Europe. This part of the world has become a museum of the history of civilization where different periods of the past revive thrillingly. One lives here every epoch from the first to the tenth or twelfth century of our era. Julius Cæsar relates of the Gauls of his time, that they were in the habit of detaining on the road the infrequent travelers who visited their country and of interrogating them searchingly about the news of their native land before they allowed them to proceed on their journey. This is the treatment the stranger is actually subjected to on every frontier, only that the examination is conducted without kindness. At the time of the Crusades there was no lighting of streets in the towns, the good people went to rest at sunset and risked themselves out of doors during nightly hours only in extreme cases, with a lantern or torches. They were armed to the teeth and well escorted. A regular post did not exist. At long intervals messengers carried a letter from town to town or from one country to the other. Traveling was most un-

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usual. People lived and died where they were born. If someone left his dwelling-place he made his will and bade his relatives and friends good-bye for life and death. Of the absent one scarcely ever was any intelligence received. He had vanished. If a letter reached him the reply arrived perhaps years afterwards and produced the effect of a message from the other world. Outlandish wares seemed something rare, almost wonderful. The coffee of Arabia, the pepper of India were fabulous goods, surrounded with legends and romance like the phœnix bird and the unicorn.

Well, then: this is the life Europe is at present living. And now imagine the sudden scene-shifting at the conclusion of peace! The deserted fairs are attended again; the empty shops are filled; if you want anything you just go there and buy it, without a ticket or a special permit; your money is sufficient. In the evening and at night you light as you like. The street lamps are ablaze. The autobusses ply. The papers talk of science, art and literature. Families are united. No one remains weeks or months without news from a beloved being. No one trembles for the health, for the life of the absent. Fatal messages are not constantly received that stun, that knock down like a blow on the head with a club.

The theatres perform, concerts take place, art exhibitions open their doors, museums again admit visitors and students. The post is working and distributes regularly a correspondence which is not opened by different censors nor stupidly confiscated by high-handed, irresponsible officials, sunk to the bottom of the sea nor retained in some nook or corner for weeks or months. It is possible to exchange news and ideas and to enter into communication with friends at a distance. The telegraph office accepts telegrams and even sends them off, while at present it takes the money charged for them and suppresses the wire messages. One enjoys a freedom of movement of which the very memory had been lost. One is at liberty to travel, to visit foreign countries, to pass frontiers without being obliged to beg a passport, which grim officials refuse according to their good pleasures,

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without being suspected, bullied, threatened, hunted, ill-treated. In short, one understands, one feels that one is no longer a caged brute prodded and whipped by armed tamers, but is restored again to the dignity of a human being, heir to, and usufructuary of goods created and hoarded by a hundred thousand years of work on the part of his ancestors.

If the generation that will have lived these years, endured these experiences, gone through the sensations of waking up from this abominable nightmare, is capable of beginning a new war, it will prove that it is indeed a stupid and ferocious species of beast greatly inferior to the stone age man who had at least the excuse of ignorance.

IN AMERICA IGNORANCE IS NO LONGER AN EXCUSE

President Wilson's veto of the Immigration Bill containing the "illiteracy test" confirms America's ideals after the war. He is the third president who, judiciously and justly acts in this manner. The illiteracy clause remains incomprehensible to common sense. It prescribes that all aliens incapable to read and write a short text in one of the languages of their country of origin are to be forbidden to enter the United States.

Why?

What prejudice is feared for the community from illiteracy?

Is it created to see that the culture level of the American people is not lowered? This could not possibly be brought about. Even if all the illiterates of Europe, or, for that matter, of the whole white race liable to abandon their homes were to come to America, they would weigh as nothing in the balance against some 112 millions of cultivated Americans.

Does the legislator mean to place on a par ignorance and crime, insanity or disease?

This would be absurd. Illiteracy does not threaten the community in the same manner as delinquency and madness. Ignorance is not contagious like trachoma.

Is it feared that his lack of culture will impede the

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illiterate in making his way in America? This may confidently be left to his own care. He will soon feel where the shoe pinches. He is the first interested in securing for himself a place in American society.

Against whom is the immigration bill directed?

Not against the English, the French, the Germans, the Scandinavians, the Dutch, who constitute the ground-wasp of the American nationality. It is leveled against the natives of Southern and Southeastern Europe, and against the subjects of the Ottoman Empire. It would shut out a certain number of South-Italians, Slovaks, Syrians, Poles and principally Russian Jews. Yet each of these elements has its merits. The peasants of the Abruzzi, the Neapolitans, the Sicilians, have created the wealth of Argentina; the magnificent economical rise of the River Plate country is to a great extent due to their work. The Hungarian Slovaks render sterling service in the American mines. It is a well-known fact that Syrians, Armenians, Greeks of Turkey do splendidly in the United States and attain fortune and position. The diverse populations of Russia distinguish themselves by their laboriousness; they are in great request as labor-hands and monopolize important branches of national industry. All these peoples, with little exception, perhaps with none, are highly gifted by nature, keen of mind, thirsting for instruction.

What will the American legislator punish them for? Is it for their ignorance?

It is no fault of theirs. It is their misfortune. They have learnt nothing in their country because they had no opportunity for it there. They did not lack will, but schools. Their home lands are backward. The state there does not provide or provides insufficiently, for the instruction of the young. How cruel to make them pay for the neglect of their government to accomplish its most elementary duty!

The case of the Russian Jews troubles me most. It is the one I am best acquainted with. It appears that the illiteracy clause is principally pointed at them. This is incomprehensible. Possibly they know neither Russian nor Polish.

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But why examine them in these languages? They are the official languages of their birth country, they are not their languages. They have a language of their own: Yiddish. The character of this language is revealed in its speech. It is contemptuously corrupt German interspersed with Hebrew elements and vocables borrowed from the idioms of the Slav surroundings of the Jews who use it. But all modern Roman languages, French, Italian, Spanish, actually the noblest means of expression of the white race, have originally been corrupt Latin; they have been formed exactly in the same manner as Yiddish, by the incorporation of words, grammatical forms and idioms from the languages of the peoples that had adopted the Latin of the Roman camps, and centuries after the downfall of the Roman Empire, the neo-Latin popular speech had still been so much felt as a jargon, that in the 13th century Dante thought it necessary to excuse himself for having written his "Divine Comedy" in "vulgar vernacular"; that is in that magnificent Italian which we now admire as classic. An idiom spoken as mother tongue and familiar parlance by more than seven millions of men, if the Galician, Bukowinian, North-Hungarian and Rumanian Jews are counted with the Polish and Russian, is a genuine, full-valued language which nobody ought to be ashamed to own; it is not a jargon.

What is to be considered as the test of a language? Its diffusion? Yiddish is spoken by twelve times as many people as Rhaeto-Romansh, seven times as many as Albanese, double as many as Danish and Norwegian together, as many as Dutch. All these are recognized, classified languages. Why not Yiddish? Or is the dignity of an idiom to be determined by its development and use? Yiddish possesses a great literature, the history of which has been written by Professor Leo Wiener. It has been employed by authors of high standing, by Morris who is compared with Heine, by Frug who vies with the best Russian lyrical poets, Sholem Aleichem, Mendele Mokher Sphorim, who are called the Yiddish Maupassant, Dickens and Mark Twain. A human speech used by great poets, fiction writers, essayists, in which appear

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thousands of books, which boast of big, thriving theatres and of an ultra-modern, most lively press with daily papers circulated in hundreds of thousands of copies, is a means by which may be acquired scientific, æsthetic and moral accomplishment second to the average culture of none of the European nations.

If Jewish immigrants from eastern Europe are subjected to the literacy test in Yiddish, they have nothing to fear. There is hardly one adult among them incapable of reading and writing the language. In South Africa this test is admitted, and until now no case has been registered of a Jew being rejected for his failing to stand it.

To be sure, if the Ellis Island authorities will not acknowledge Yiddish as a language, and require Russian Jews to be conversant with Polish or Russian in reading and writing, many of them will have to give up the hope to tread the yearned-after soil of America. But why are these languages unfamiliar to them? Because the Russian authorities have for centuries precluded them systematically from intercourse with their Christian countrymen, pen them up in their pale of settlement, shut them out from the public schools, forbid them expressly the teaching of the vernacular in their own schools, in one word strip them forcibly of every opportunity of acquiring the language of their non-Jewish surroundings in the natural way, by association and public instruction.

Mr. Wilson followed the best American tradition when he refused to thrust back into barbarism men striving to lift themselves from barbarism to culture. America's part has ever been to raise, not to weigh down. In her hundred and forty years' history America has always been a great educator for freedom and enlightenment. Narrow, bigoted minds seem inclined to forget this. It is comforting that the president opportunely reminded them of it.

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AT THE GATE OF THE WAR

CAPTAIN NISHAN DER-HAGOPIAN

[*Written on the battlefield at Van, Armenia, on the eve of battle, July 4, 1915*]

HARD the war may be for me,
Rough the trail that I must keep;
Toil is dreary, and the strife
Wages fierce through shadows deep.
Little Dreamer of my life,
Where the action is the quickest
I must be—in honor bound;
Where the conflict rages thickest.
Nothing daunted, dear, I go;
Sunshine golden still remains,
Valor gleams like drifted snow—
Flash of roses in my veins.
Visions of your violet eyes
Stirring to high enterprise,
Glowing with a fire divine
In every act my soul descries.
Though the fight be ever long,
Will my love be pure and strong.

When the smokes of battle thicken,
Sweetheart, hear the weary cry—
Afterwail of shrapnel shrilling
O'er a dim and starless sky.
In the spirit then be near me,
Let me feel you at my side,
Step by step advancing with me
Where the wingéd horrors ride.
Little dreamer, when released,
Life or death be mine, I know . . .
I will follow in your lead
Where the New World zephyrs blow,
Where sweet blossoms deck the air
And our hopes and dreams come true;
I will work for endless years
For the joy of loving you—
For the blessings and the gain
When the land has peaceful reign.

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FRANCE, THE FREE-THINKER

WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS

IT has been said that France, as a result of the war, has become religious once more. If by religion were meant deep seriousness and exaltation of soul, there would be a good case for the affirmative. But the Church dignitaries and journalists who are responsible for the contention would have the world believe that France has reverted to Catholicism. Nothing could be farther from the truth. France, as a nation, is not Catholic, not even Christian. The majority of Frenchmen are reasoned free-thinkers. In every one of the other armies there have been mystic and evangelistic revivals. The average French soldier has come out of the horror, so far, a philosophical sceptic. France has established the remarkable record of being the first country to wage a war without seeking to mobilize God. I believe that it will not be very difficult for me to prove the point.

On the first day of mobilization in that tragic August of 1914, I stood near an entrance of the Montparnasse railroad station in Paris, and watched the reservists pouring by to entrain for their regimental headquarters. The never-ending column under my eyes was a cross-section of embattled France—proletarians and rich men, laborers, clerks and artists, of all ages, all degrees of intelligence and education. Only the priesthood does not seem to be represented, I told myself.

Suddenly the monotony of civilian clothes was broken by a squad of about thirty priests in full clerical garb. They tramped stolidly ahead, each carrying the small hand package of personal effects allowed to the soldier reporting for duty. I was startled. Although I knew that the separation of Church and State made it entirely logical, it was odd to think of military service being demanded of the clergy. I put the question to a captain of infantry who was standing beside me.

"Do the *curés* bear arms?" he repeated. "Yes, Monsieur, precisely like every one else."

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"What is your opinion of that?" I asked.

He reflected for a moment. "I am a Catholic, yet I find it necessary to be just. This is a republic, and we are waging a war of defense, not of aggression. The Government is right. All should do their part."

By expressing this conviction, the captain proved himself to be a very liberal Catholic. During the period immediately preceding the war, tolerance was not the rule between the adherents of the Church and the vastly more numerous body of free-thinkers. The latter rejoiced to see the *corbeaux* (crows), as the priests were called in derision, deprived of all special privileges; while the faithful regarded it as a sacrilege that their pastors should be prohibited from teaching in the schools and called as conscripts and jurymen.

The lines had been drawn more tightly in the army than anywhere else. The rank of chaplain had, of course, been abolished. Clerics were forbidden to set up semi-official establishments, or even to live, within the boundaries of camps. Men wearing the uniform of the Republic could not perform religious services; and so rigidly was this last provision observed that if a passenger died on a French ship at sea, the commander, as a member of the naval reserve, could not read the burial service over the body. Soldiers and sailors, it is true, could attend church when off duty; but it was discreet for an officer who desired advancement to refrain from the observance.

Yet, with the outbreak of the war, the pious Catholic was as willing as any one to defend France, and the priest himself marched cheerfully to battle. How did the free-thinker take that?

He responded with a more generous policy in regard to religion than the Republic had known in ten years.

The Church was admitted to the *union sacrée* (sacred union), the truce between factions, political or otherwise, which was agreed upon that August, as a national necessity in the face of the common enemy. The services of nursing Sisters and Brothers were accepted in the hospitals. Concessions were made in the schools, where in a number of

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cases old priests replaced teachers who had been called to the colors. Chaplains beyond the military age were allowed to go to the front with each army corps, in order that Catholic reservists might not be deprived of the ministrations to which they were accustomed.

In this last connection, it was interesting to note the attitude of the populace. The novelty of seeing the black cassock and the shovel hat among the uniforms of mobilized battalions always drew comments. I remember the stir caused by a cleric of impressive stature who strode at the bridle of the colonel of a regiment of territorials. This old man could not have been less than sixty. His hair was snow white and his eyes were at the bottom of hollows in his bony head. But his vigor seemed unimpaired.

"The 'crows' have come into their own again," gibed a citizen on the sidewalk.

"Battlefields have always had attractions for birds of that sort," remarked another.

A workman with a serious face turned toward the speakers.

"It is easy to say such things," he spat out. "For my part, I don't object to seeing the priests go with the army. They can do no harm, and some of our men may fight better for having them."

"Are you a communicant?" he was asked.

"I am a free-thinker and voted in the last elections for the candidate of the Radical Left," he answered.

Inevitably, I classified this profession of tolerance in the same pigeon-hole with the statement that had been made to me at the Montparnasse station by the Catholic captain. No friend of the Church myself, I thought it a good thing for France at that time that two men of such widely differing affiliations should have spoken in the way they did.

The sacred union, however, in so far as Church and State were concerned, soon proved to be a political sham. While the moderates approve of it, the extremist factions in the Chamber of Deputies, as well as the nation, reacted violently. Bigoted clericals hailed it as a victory for them—

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which it was not. Revolutionary Socialists deplored it as a surrender to dark forces. Both helped to spread the idea that France was again coming under the influence of the Vatican. Both broke the truce described above almost as soon as it was declared.

In the meantime, the men who were fighting the enemy got along famously with all the priests and nuns they met. The parish *curé* proved in hundreds of cases, especially before the German invasion was halted, to be the devoted friend of humanity, sticking to his post under fire and succoring the refugees and the wounded. The Sister of Mercy demonstrated that she could be the best of nurses, and the regimental chaplain a good comrade to turn to in time of trouble.

The soldiers appreciated this. Even the most atheistic among them felt that it would be ungrateful to oppose the holding of religious services. Nothing was easier than to collect perfectly authentic anecdotes illustrating the friendly relations between churchmen and non-churchmen, nothing easier than to take photographs of priests performing charitable deeds at the front or preaching to huge audiences of men in uniform.

It was natural that these stories and photographs should be dispensed to the newspaper correspondents and that whenever a clerical got a chance he should describe them as proofs of a religious revival. But those who know the French army are aware that there was no real trend toward the Church, spiritually, sentimentally or practically.

In a Bordeaux café when the war was several weeks old, I discussed religion with a Gascon sergeant of unusual breadth of mind. His name was Georges Quinet. He had traveled considerably and had opinions about other peoples beside his own.

"The Russians are pious in a primitive way," he said. "The peasants at least among our German and Austrian enemies are scarcely less so. The English have gone into this war without much religious feeling; but, watch out, they will soon grow superstitious! Their Protestant instinct for

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prayer meetings will revive, and they will believe any story told them about the intervention of God on their side."

"You've hit off the English wonderfully," I interrupted. "Listen to this."

I pulled a London newspaper out of my pocket and translated for him the legend of the Angels of Mons, which was current at the time. A pure invention of a fiction writer, to the effect that heavenly hosts had appeared on the battlefield to comfort the British in their initial disaster in Belgium, even the author's amused admission of the hoax had failed for a long time to convince the public that it was not literally true.

"Just what I should have expected," commented the Gascon. "But nothing of that kind will occur here. Our Catholics may try to launch mystic yarns. It will do them no good. The French free-thinker is not a man who has lapsed from the observance of religion. He is non-Christian, with traditions of reason dating back to the time of the Revolution. And the presence of this sceptical majority will prevent even the Catholic rank and file from being stampeded into a 'revival.'"

Every incident that came under my observation during eighteen months of residence in France since the war, confirmed the sane judgment of Sergeant Quinet.

I well remember the case of a *curé* in an obscure parish in the Pyrenees, who set out to inflame the faithful. He declared in violent terms from the pulpit that God had allowed the war to break out in order to punish the Third Republic for the way it had treated His Church. The *curé* was promptly arrested, charged with making statements calculated to disturb the public, and sentenced to prison. A few Catholic newspapers protested against this arbitrary way of silencing a hysterical orator, but it proved to be impossible to arouse real sympathy for him.

Still more to the point was an attempt made by the Church as recently as last winter to capitalize the national love and respect for the memory of Jeanne d'Arc. A peasant girl possessed by visions of victory had been discovered, it

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was announced, in Brittany. After she had been duly press-agented for several weeks as a possible reincarnation of the Seraphic Virgin who had saved France from the English, she was brought to Paris and lodged in a convent. The idea was undoubtedly to create a demand that she be shown in public. But Paris declined to take the slightest interest in her. The foreign correspondents were the only persons who recognized her existence to the extent of calling at the convent for details to cable to their newspapers. Her whereabouts are now unknown.

I have said that at the beginning of the war priests and soldiers fraternized on a human basis, despite the political animosity between the Church and its opponents. Unfortunately, the kindly feeling has tended to die out at the front, while the squabbling in the Chamber of Deputies and in local councils has intensified.

For the first-named change the Church has only itself to blame. It did not have the tact to refrain from missionary work among free-thinkers. Soldiers have told me that nursing Sisters and Brothers commenced early to attempt to "convert" the wounded placed in their care. A Franco-American member of the Foreign Legion, now in New York, assured me that in a church hospital where he lay for several weeks, he was not allowed, his protests notwithstanding, to see any newspaper except *La Croix,* the Catholic organ, nor given any books to read save lives of the Saints and pious manuals.

This short-sighted policy has disgusted the army. It may have won as many as five men in a million to Christianity, but I have failed to hear of the exceptional cases.

In February of this year, when the Government asked for an authorization to re-examine men who had been exempted from military service, the Deputy Sixte-Quenin, a member of the Revolutionary Socialist party, insisted on an amendment to include all priests employed as nursing Brothers and otherwise, with a view to sending them into the trenches. This proposal aroused a savage debate in the Chamber. Aristide Briand, the Premier, himself an atheist,

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condemned it as unreasonable and asked Sixte-Quenin to withdraw the amendment. The Socialist declined, and won his point by a fairly large majority. Even the Cabinet members did not stand solid, the Minister of the Interior, M. Malvy, voting with the radicals against the Church.

When the law came before the Senate, the Government asked that it be ratified as it stood. Cabinets depend for their political life on the Lower, not on the Upper, Chamber and Briand was careful to abide by the wishes of the majority in the Chamber which counted. There was some blustering by the Conservative and Clerical Senators, but the law was adopted as it had been sent from the Deputies.

As a measure to unearth malingerers, it was negligible. The priests affected were not sufficient in numbers to recruit one regiment. But the legislators went on record against the Church for the effect it would have on the voters of France, before whom they must come up for re-election next year.

It is certain that no General as aggressively religious as the British Commander-in-Chief, Sir Douglas Haig, could hold a high position in the French army. He would be unable to win the confidence either of the soldiers or the public. There was some interesting gossip current in Paris at the time that a successor to Joffre was being sought. General de Castelnau was eliminated in advance, it was said, because he was a clerical and an aristocrat. When the choice narrowed down to Pétain or Nivelle, recognition of the latter's claims was clinched by the argument that he was not a church-goer. Yet Pétain is only mildly Catholic, and with the failure of Nivelle, it has since been necessary to elevate him to the supreme command.

If further proof of French scepticism is needed, it can be taken at first hand from the membership records of the Church. I did not collect the exact figures, but inquiries I made on the subject convinced me that there had been no notable increase in attendance or the number of communicants. Of scores of soldiers questioned, those who were non-Christian invariably told me that life in the trenches had not altered their views.

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Only one thing can be claimed with certainty for the priest in France today. As an individual, he is liked and respected better than he was before the war. This he owes to the fact that he has proved to be as good a fighter as any one else, and when free of military service has thrown himself whole-heartedly into humanitarian work. Thousands of soldier-clerics have been killed in battle. Many have been promoted for their exploits to be officers, and many decorated. The following list, taken from the casualty reports of a single day in the autumn of 1914, is grimly significant:

The Abbé François Demolis, vicar of Chenevoy; killed in action.
The Abbé Louis Dubray, diocese of Seze; killed in action.
The Abbé Joseph Mermet, diocese of Grenoble; killed in action.
The Abbé Borel of the 289th Infantry; killed in action.
The Abbé Saint-Marie, diocese of Bayonne; killed in action.
The Abbé Dandonneau, vicar of Aigrefeuille; killed in action.
The Abbé Hyacinthe Comte, diocese of Viviers; killed in action.
The Abbé Lenain, *curé* of Londroil; killed in action.
The Abbé Saint-Aubert, *curé* of Haucourt; mortally wounded by a German sentry.

It has been impossible even for those who were most rabid three years ago in their hatred of priests to withhold credit from a class that has shed so much blood for France.

Gustave Hervé, editor of the patriotic *La Victoire,* but celebrated before the war as an anti-militarist and anti-clerical, succinctly expressed to a friend of mine last year the case for the priest, from the free-thinker's point of view.

"I do not like him," he said. "I deplore his influence. But I should not care to suppress him. Some people want him, And after all, he, too, has won his *croix de guerre* (war cross)'"

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THE APPEAL OF THE THEATRE

GRACE GEORGE

THERE is, I suppose, a mysterious sympathy born in the blood and heart of those who contribute their lives to the theatre that makes them do so. It is as irresistible as the spirit that sent the pioneers wandering over the face of the earth making new discoveries, and incidentally building new homes. The things that count in all our lives are the things we are predestined to love. I have always loved the theatre. All its struggling penalties, its discomforts, its rough disillusions, its crude awakenings, deepened the ties of affection. In those early years when the most violent emotions of unadulterated melodrama seemed to me like great moments in my artistic endeavor, I believed in them so loyally that I look back on them now with the same degree of tender memory with which we recall the thrills of our first romance. No pre-arranged parental discretion can prevent the appeal of the theatre in those who are born to obey its spell. I went straight from a convent to a part in that thrilling monstrosity that stirred our hardy grandfathers, and probably our conservative grandmothers, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." It is an unreasonable passion, a devouring ambition, for which there is no explanation.

That is why I became an actress, and that is why, in the very beginning of this article, I must disarm those professional critics whose searching minds often leaven their opinions with more wit than sympathy for the real inspiration of the theatre. It is such a complex art, such a difficult matter to make oneself understood in it, such a constant pioneering to find the exact adjustment of what is good and bad in its appeal. The most that the theatre gives is less than the art of acting tries to convey. And the most that an audience expects is less than the actors can give. The theatre is the House of a Thousand Eyes, the temple where all hearts and minds in it are worshipping at the shrine of their memories. There is perhaps no deeper form

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of human experience than the moments we live, in silence, watching the development of a play; that has in it the germ of common fact in life. Men and women pass the greater part of their lives in secret. It is in the theatre that they encounter themselves, that they meet their secret hopes and fears, their inner longings and untold ambitions as they are retold in the play. I sometimes think that we have not quite realized the tremendous significance of the theatre in its important influences upon our private lives. There is nothing frivolous or tentative in the purpose of a play, no matter how far short it may come of being a competent transcript of real life. Where it may fail to establish correct impressions of life, no play can ever fail to make an indirect appeal to someone's problem of living. That above all is the mood of the theatre—to describe human conflict and to answer the question of its entanglements hopefully.

There are gloomy plays written to warn the world of its shadows, and produced by men who have a real devotion to the preachment of the theme. There are popular plays written to please the average people who think as far as the perplexities of tomorrow. There are funny plays written frankly to tickle the audience into an irresponsible mood of improbable adventure, and there are great plays written to inspire the cynical and weary, the idealists and the poets. Then there are mixed performances with music, pretty women and colored lights that are designed to banish the emptiness of those who must be replenished with an appeal to their senses. All of them, however, occur to heal some flagrant wounds of our inner lives, all of them aiming to lift the burdens from overwrought humanity.

I do not believe that the theatre should ever be regarded as merely an organized amusement. I prefer the word recreation. That is what the theatre achieves primarily—it recreates for those who have constant need of mental and spiritual restorative.

The play with a moral ostentatiously attached to it is the quality of every play that has had success. The happy ending is a tradition of the appeal in the theatre, because it

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is the plan of all art to lift the soul out of the commonplace where it is destined to live into a hopeful association of the ultimate destiny. Life itself is not climacteric, it is accumulative; it may be of great faith, but it needs a heart stimulant administered through the imagination.

What greater appeal to the heart is there than a well acted, well balanced play?

What better appeal to the perplexed reason than such brilliant analysis of the hypocrisies and emotions of human problems than the plays of George Bernard Shaw?

What finer sweep of feeling can the æsthetic devotee desire than a play by Rostand, a bit of symbolism by Maeterlinck, or one of Sardou's comedies?

The theatre is like a railroad station to a great many people. They pass in and out of it on their way from some place they are leaving behind in their private lives to some place they hope to reach that will improve their hopes. Sometimes they lose their way in the new outlook the play may suggest to them. Sometimes they rush right out convinced that the play has confirmed their original destination. They have felt the appeal to their personal lives, however; the theatre has fixed its impression upon them. It has opened their eyes, or it has closed their eyes to the sight of unpleasantness. Of course there are a good many who approach the theatre with absolute indifference to the theme of the play. Admitting its cleverness they nevertheless decline to take it seriously.

It should be taken seriously, otherwise the full measure of value in the appeal of the theatre is lost. We all know the sort of people who have lost faith in the sincerity of human nature. They pursue their course in cold indifference, shrivelling their bodies with the glacial mood of their own doubts. The theatre is a place where the most simple faith is rewarded. There is more useful imagination in simplicity of outlook than there is in the most erudite mood of scholars. It is not a place for the discussion of academic questions, for the debater, the arguer. From the very nature of the limitations of the theatre there is no appeal less

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adapted to it than the school appeal. The play written to drive home an intricate problem in mathematics, or in geography, is not for the theatre. We play to the one factor in human nature that cannot be counted upon the emotions. That is the surprise in the play, the quality that gives it human interest. That is the quality that governs the distinction of acting.

The difficult part of the work cut out for those who work in the theatre is to decide whether the appeal of a play is faithfully presented, whether it is in itself a theme from human life. And the next thing is to be sure that it is revealed clearly. In a story written to read the latitude of appeal to the imagination is much wider. The inner workings of the characters can be told to the reader in the most intricate analysis. The appeal in the theatre must be more direct, it must be told by the actors, who cannot explain what they are thinking. They have to interpret that in action, and the audience must not be misled by long arguments of the reason for that action. The appeal is much quicker, much more vivid in its impressions, than in literature.

With the opening of the theatrical season, the people everywhere are considering what they shall go to see at the theatre. As the summer fades into the horizon of real amusement, the theatre substitutes its place in the imagination. It is a new appeal to be sure, but is it not essentially the same human need, the need of recreation? That, above all, is the importance of the theatre in our daily lives; it is the fruition of our overtaxed nerves that need the same relaxation we have enjoyed in the open. It is the place where we can open the small door of our secret emotions and let in the light of suppressed feeling.

This may not be the exact reason that the theatregoer reads the column of theatre announcements to find out what it offers, because the theatre has long been regarded as a luxury. In America, where we taste the extravagnces of life as recklessly as if they were part of our daily inheritance, the theatre has not suffered from the restrictions of attend-

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ance that characterize it in Europe. Over there it still holds its place among the luxuries. It is an event of the family life, there, to go to the theatre. We can congratulate ourselves that we have established the theatre as a necessity of our daily existence. Although there are people in this country who refresh their imaginations with the stimulant of music or literature, to the exclusion of the theatre, they are comparatively few. I am not among them. The theatre is my tonic as it is my daily occupation. As I warned you at the beginning, my views of the appeal in the theatre are full of no uncertain devotion. Of course, as I glance over the announcements of the theatre I discriminate. I conclude the character and quality of the appeal that pleases me best according to what I read in them. There is enough to choose from; the selection is difficult. Difficult because there are two governing factors in the entertainment business, the box office and the artistry of the theatre. There are two kinds of motive values that are set in motion to answer my expectations. They are worth analysis.

Take the box office plays.

They are good and bad, obviously undesirable in their appeal in some cases, obviously popular in other cases. The good plays may not belong to the highest artistic appeal, but they are good because they are simple in theme, theatrically put together, artificially played, and above all direct in their story-telling, purposely easy to follow. These sort of A B C plays are not in the majority, however. Among the box office plays one finds the undesirable, the glittering, and the conscienceless. The undesirable plays are those that belong to the ancestry of those days in the theatre when foreign themes first found a foothold on our stage. Since then we have had the best inspirations of Europe in our theatre, but the worst came first. The undesirable plays of this day still cling to the traditions of their foreign instinct, although born in this country. They are the kind of plays that make their appeal to the criminal code, that draw a brief for the defense of the forbidden. Haddon Cham-

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bers, I believe, was one of the first dramatists to discover that the villain made the best box office hero. His conclusion, based upon the theory that most of us are potential villains was warmly received by large audiences. It is not surprising therefore that we in America have discovered the "crook" play of our own society. There is no fault to find with the dramatic values of the crook play but, as recreation, crime is not indulged.

The glittering plays, those medleys of the theatre presented solely for the "tired business man," have no distinct place in the theatre; they keep the box office busy, but they contribute little if anything to the desirable appeal of the theatre.

The plays without conscience that drive aimlessly through many scenes lifted bodily from past successes and strung together to keep the audience in a constant state of emotional upheaval, are the most exasperating exhibitions of theatrical appeal. The least we can do to maintain the standards of appeal in the theatre is to consider if a play fulfills the requirements of something else besides false impressions of life. How can you force conscience out of a play and protect the standard of appeal? There are plays that keep the box office humming because they are fine, strong in balances of justice, brilliant in lines or daring in sociological argument. Such plays, however, were not written for the box office, they came into being because the writers had something to say they thought worth while. It is not the fault of the audiences that these undesirable plays are given, it is the fault of commercialized appeal in the theatre. It is a fault that has taken a distinct tumble recently judging by the current programs in the theatre.

It seems as if the theatre has taken a universal pride, this season, in displaying a real morale of art, as well as a true vision of what the stage owes to its obligations to good taste. While we have emerged from the super-romantic plays of costume charm, having discovered that romance has grown up since the days of Dumas, we have uncovered our own intensities of feeling. It was a dangerous task at

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the beginning. The theatre began the discovery clumsily, in plays that hesitated too much, or dared too much. Our best teachers of drama came from Europe, they still must be looked for over there. We have not yet heard from the dramatist in America who has found the golden values of feeling in contemporaneous American character. Most American plays have cleverness without depth, dramatic skill without the slumbering fire of inspiration. We seem to have dropped the triangle theme for the interpretation of imaginative or definite appeal. The former is charmingly conceived, if a trifle too sweetly, and the latter is rather forced, involved with the latent undercurrents of socialism. Neither sentimentality nor theory has any lasting place in the appeal of the theatre. In the interval, while we are waiting the appearance of the great American playwright, the most distinguished appeals to the theatregoer are being made by the foreign dramatist.

There ought to be a Bernard Shaw in this country, someone whose brilliancy and domain of thought will grasp the strength and weakness of our complex character. There ought to be a Henri Bernstein in this country to define the troublesome emotions of the American women. There are many embryo Barries, many growing Pineros, no Hall Caines and no Galsworthys.

Why not?

Because our national life is still unsettled. Our real problems are beyond solution, so we have only the edges of experience to deal out for appeal in the theatre. Our serious efforts are crippled by immediate uncertainties.

The one distinct progress of the theatrical appeal in the last few years is in its form of emotional repression. Great moments in life do not find words to help them. The heart most deeply stirred is inarticulate. Impressive action in dramatic moments in real life is very still. This we have learned on the American stage greatly to our credit. It is a lesson that will tend to clear the theatre of artificial heroism in acting. But we are still indefinite in our standards of stage beauty, in our perceptions of stage values. We still

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cling to some bad tricks of theatrical appeal. In our effort to photograph life in the theatre we overload the picture, we overburden our situations with unimportant detail. We often ask for your kind applause in some elaborately false stage picture, in some mechanical surprise that is remote from plausibility. Our magic of lighting and scene-painting is too obvious, although the American audience is the most encouraging sponsors of stage magic of this kind. They are not so truly mystified as they are anxious to applaud any real endeavor to please them. We have gone far beyond these details of stage pictures in Europe, with the exception perhaps of the English stage. A room in a Paris theatre is not always habitable. But the French people have emerged from the purely temporal evidences of actuality on the stage to an understanding of the movement of the drama. They are looking and listening into the heart of the play. They are translating the inner motives of the characters to the language of their own emotions. The place where these people on the stage are seen is unimportant to their enjoyment of the emotional facts of the play.

If the public, after an hour or two spent in a theatre watching a play could realize the deep sincerity with which the producer, the author, the actors have studied the elements of that play, if they could hear the impromptu discussions at rehearsals bearing upon the truth, the influence, the moral and the truth to life of its presentation, they would understand that no first-class production ever fails to weigh the great question of all productions, is its appeal stimulating, true to life, happily concluded, and above all does it leave a hopeful outlook.

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RECLAMATION CAMPS FOR THE PHYSICALLY UNFIT

DR. JOHN H. QUAYLE

ONE of the striking features of our entrance into the war has been the revelation of the physical deficiency of our people.

So great is the number of persons who have been maimed and wounded on the battlefields of life in times of peace as to indicate that in comparison the casualties of the war may not be so large.

Already in the dark clouds of war that hang above us we are beginning to detect a trace of silver lining in the likelihood that we shall be awakened to the necessity of reclaiming our vast population of physical unfits and of preparing them for the future with better health and therefore rendering them of greater usefulness.

One glance cannot fail to convince of the fact that we face possibilities of construction of man power by suitable reclamation and preventive medical work that in a large degree may offset the destruction brought by the terribly annihilating machinery of the present war.

The experience of the government for the last several years in raising our army under the volunteer system has brought to light a startling condition of physical unfitness in our nation's men, in the high percentage of rejections among those who have presented themselves for examination.

While it is a matter of congratulation that the modified regulations have brought to the army thousands upon thousands of men who have heretofore been discarded as valueless for army purposes, the fact remains that many of these men are still physically deficient for fighting service.

It is idle to argue that a man physically unfit for army service in times of peace will be less qualified for the far more strenuous and exacting service in actual warfare and particularly in a foreign country.

There is but one answer to this problem—make the men

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fit for service by bringing them up to the required physical standard. If his habits have been good there is practically no excuse for the man between the ages of 21 and 31 to be unable to pass the Army and Navy examinations, except from accidental causes—by that I mean trauma, infections or hereditary conditions—and if the rejected men are given the proper medical attention at least 90 per cent of them can be made fit for military service within a time varying from one to six months.

To my mind this question of the preservation of the man power of the United States is one of the greatest questions before the American people today. Our Red Cross is doing wonderful work and raising millions of dollars to take care of the man who is injured—to assist him in regaining his health and preserving his life. But what arrangement has been made for the man who is rejected, who could be made available for the Army or Navy, or at least classified so as to be of the greatest use to his government? No one seems to be interested in the rejected man, but the same amount of money spent on the rejected man to reclaim him that is spent on the injured man, would give us the most wonderful army in the world—distributing the responsibilities of defense among all the people—and make him efficient and loyal to the government and to himself.

Ninety per cent of the rejected men could be reclaimed. At least that is my opinion as a result of experience in my own practice, where I have already seen more than five hundred brought up to the required standard after the necessary medical treatment. One man in particular, I remember—he was one of the finest specimens of manhood I have ever seen—but the government rejected him because of a slight hernia. It required only a simple operation to cure him. He was worth ten ordinary men, but the government had no provision for reclaiming him.

I have received scores of letters from patriotic young men anxious to serve their country, but who have been rejected because of physical defects of which they had not been previously aware. In a great percentage of these cases

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the applicant is left in a bad mental state as a result of the rejection and is subject to melancholia, and in such psychic condition that he is not a good citizen even to remain at home. Many of these men look hopefully toward the government establishment of reclamation camps, my plan for which has already been placed before Congress in a bill introduced by Senator W. Atlee Pomerene, of Ohio.

The bill provides for the appointment of a Commission composed of medical, executive and military men, who will organize reclamation camps in every state in the Union and establish them in suitable locations adjacent to the largest cities in each state. This will have the advantage of not bringing too many men together and also of making available the services of the best specialists in medicine and surgery for reclaiming the men. The Commission will take over the best hospital in each city for the exclusive use of the camp adjacent to such city, and in this way the men would have the best facilities for reaching the hospitals. These hospitals would be manned by the best specialists, many of whom are not in a financial condition to give up their practice and enlist, but who would be glad to volunteer their services gratis for certain periods of time. This plan would make available all of the very best specialists in each state, whose services otherwise would be lost to the government.

For instance, in Ohio—my idea would be to have a camp out of Cleveland, one near Cincinnati, one near Toledo, one near Columbus and one near Dayton. The men who had to have an operation for chronic appendicitis, hemorrhoids, hernia, or other operative procedures, would be operated at the hospital and then transferred to camp, where he would live an out-of-door life on a simple diet and under ideal conditions, to regain his strength and general health, doing such military training daily as his physician directed. The same régime would apply to all cases which needed hospital treatment or otherwise.

Under this plan, as soon as the man is rejected by the Regular Army medical men he would be turned over to a board of civilian physicians who would make a careful diag-

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nosis, aided by X-rays and the best equipped laboratories, and determine whether this man could be put in condition to pass the Army and Navy examinations.

Medicine is not so definite a science that it is possible for a group of medical men to examine a case, and in every instance determine absolutely the prognosis on the first examination. Under this plan—if necessary—the patient would be kept under observation until such time as the physicians had arrived at the practicability of reclaiming him, and also had ascertained if he was malingering.

It would be absolutely impracticable to ask the medical department of the Army to carry out this reclamation work. In the first place, it would be simply impossible for them to devote the time that would be necessary to it, as they are overworked now. Beyond doubt these men should be cared for by the civilian physician in reclamation camps until such time as they can pass the military examination, when they would be returned for re-examination by the Army medical men, and if rejected would be again returned to the reclamation camp—or dismissed if the case were hopeless.

It is my thought that at no time in the carrying out of this reclamation plan should the civilian medical men interfere with the regulations and examinations of the Army medical men, but it would make available to us the services of a great many specialists in private practice in reclaiming man power not obtainable in any other way. I feel sure that the medical profession would be glad to volunteer their services as their patriotic contribution to our country.

The bill which Senator Pomerene has presented provides for a government appropriation of one hundred millions of dollars. This is not a great amount, considering the billions of dollars we are spending on the war, and remembering that on an average not more than one hundred dollars will be necessary to reclaim one man, and that the value of each man to the government is estimated to be from five to fifteen thousand dollars.

We will need every ounce of our nation's strength to defeat Germany. We have not yet waked up to the full

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meaning of German militarism. Four years ago I saw the Kaiser review his troops in Berlin. He remained rigidly in one position on his horse, from six in the morning until two in the afternoon. I had a special pass to the government flying grounds at Johannesthal, where I saw about a dozen Zeppelins and about sixty monoplanes in the air at once. During the meet, word came that a Frenchman had looped the loop. This meant that the Germans must do the same. They tried it and fifty men were killed in learning. The Berlin papers mentioned the new accomplishment but not one carried a story of an accident. The United States must defeat Germany, but she cannot cope with a military machine built on these lines of blood and iron efficiency unless her man power is brought up to its highest possible degree of strength.

I know that many well-meaning persons are hoping for a revolution in Germany. But these people do not know Germany. There is no more chance of a revolution against the government than there is for a revolution against life. I am convinced of this after long residence there, where I had perhaps unusual opportunities to know intimately many of its scientific men. The first word a German baby learns to speak is " Kaiser." The second is " Fatherland." After that perhaps, he learns to say " Gott."

From the cradle to the grave the German lives for his government, and the United States cannot hope to defeat her with anything less than *the best army in the world.* It will do no good to send an army of the unfit against her. Neither will it suffice to lower our standards in order to get sufficient numbers. We must either send all of our best men out to fight—leaving the weak, the incompetent and the slackers at home to fill their places—or we must make good men out of these. The establishment of these reclamation camps seems to me the only way.

If the physically and morally unfit can be put in a camp where they will have the advantages of " mass psychology " —or the mental influence of association with other men— they can not only be built up physically and morally but their

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attitude toward the government will change. On the other hand the government will know where they are and will not be subjected to the annoyance and irritation that will result if they are left at large.

Another argument in favor of reclaiming rejected men is the fact that every man who is called under conscription to serve in the Army or Navy will be more satisfied with his lot if he feels the government is doing everything possible to make the other fellow go.

Furthermore it will arouse the people of the United States to a still keener appreciation of the fact that we are at war; that the government is attaining the highest efficiency and conserving its man power, and when it becomes necessary to call on a class of men either older or younger than this class, they will feel this call of the government to be absolutely justifiable and unavoidable.

If nothing is done to reclaim the man who is rejected, what is going to happen after we have exhausted our men between the ages of 21 and 31—the very best material we have? If we are going to send thousands and perhaps millions to Europe it is absolutely imperative that we reclaim and preserve our man power. This system of reclamation will apply with equal benefits to the man who becomes 21 years of age next year, and the camps which are established for the reclaiming of our first class of men can be utilized in training the next class.

I am confident that in addition to the great potentiality of such Reclamation Camps for increasing the man power of our fighting forces, they will cause a great awakening of the nation to the immense possibilities of health reclamation and life prolongation among all our civilian population, and turn our attention to the need of greater constructive health conservation for all our people.

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"MY TYPES"—GERTRUDE ATHERTON

By Pendennis

SOME years ago Owen Johnson wrote a play called the "Comet." Its theme was the surviving forces of eternal youth in woman. As Nazimova interpreted this supremely important, though not uncommon fact she elaborated the theme with poetic license. The conclusion which the audience reached was that there are women-comets who flash across the horizon of the years ever replete with emotional and intellectual vitality of initial youth. It is also inevitable that such women retain the lure and charm of immediate value.

Gertrude Atherton is one of the indestructible comets. She has always been speeding across from the horizon of one broad impression of the hour to the horizon of a new one, with the result that no one could be quite sure where she would fulminate next. One can easily recall the literary distinction of her passing. There was always a glare that blinded some, though it really illuminated others. One may recall the stir of her book published in 1898, "The Californians." In the same year came the vigorous "American Wives and English Husbands." Later came a freehand, searching study of Washington in her story called "Senator North," and then an echo of her European impressions, "The Aristocrats." Being a great grand-niece of Benjamin Franklin she inherited the talent for exactitude, an instinct for discovering the gravity of human emergencies. A resolute woman, an exploring woman, untiring in her pursuit of fact for fiction, brilliant in her analysis of character, seeing life usually with a tinge of irony that spared the sentimental reader but little. In point of fine writing, of those qualities that contribute the flavor of literature to our bookshelves, Gertrude Atherton's novels rank with the best work (amongst the little of it to be found) in American fiction

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of our generation. She might properly be considered the George Sand of this country.

In a modern apartment overlooking a stretch of river and landscape clothed in the golden purple of early autumn, she seemed a self-possessed modern woman of conventional mood. Descriptions of heroines, of adventuresses, or of the more recent iconoclastic variety of feminines in fiction are not forbidden. One's impression of any contemporary figure in celebrity is another matter. We can return to the similarity of Mrs. Atherton to George Sand, although she has not quite the same unconventionality of presence her descriptions give her.

In a modern setting of orthodox comfort, in a mood remote from work, Mrs. Atherton might be described as a keenly alert, unemotional, conversationally imaginative woman, dangerously indifferent to other peoples' ideas, with a delightful breadth of vision and an irrepressible irony of phrase. In appearance fair-haired and petite, shrewdness and humor predominate in her face. Mentally elastic, temperamentally definite, and possibly indifferent to her good looks she makes no feminine compromise. She seeks no soft lights of disillusion with which to convey the deeper principles of her intellectual influence. She has lived so many kinds of lives in the transition of her professional search for types in fiction, that she has ignored any direct adaptation of herself to the passing moods of fashion.

Most of her types have been energetically pursued in the personality of living people. She is seized with a theme for a novel, and then she injects into it the natural elements of human fact that have created it. Briefly that is the key to her work as a novelist, but no one else can use it but herself . It requires a genius of fine balance in vision, of good taste and rich literary attire to write novels that are the medium of a universal problem, that survive.

" In California, where I was born, as elsewhere in this country when I was a girl, they were led to believe that the literary standards of New England were the parables, the gospel, the Mosaic laws," said Mrs. Atherton.

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"I was brought up with a prayer book in one hand and the *Atlantic Monthly* in the other. For years we were, in America, subdued by the might and dullness of American writers who clung to the literary formula of the old London *Spectator*. You know what it was. A creed as prosy and dry as the funeral service and almost as deadly to the spontaneous life of America. But, there we were imprisoned by a stockade of literary traditions that no one dared to climb out of, and if they did climb they were left to die outside, shivering and unpublished. I declined this inheritance. I could not see the world through the blue goggles of the Addison *Spectator,* or the blinders of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Not that California is inspirational, because it is too remote from the main arteries of human life, but I knew there was a world to conquer beyond California. Although these standards of my girlhood have been perpetuated, they have not done so to the disadvantage of American literature. That emerged sometime ago. Perhaps, I was among the first to emerge, much to the surprise and the disappointment of those who felt I had violated the instinct of literary propriety and tradition. The element of irony in my nature was inevitably opposed to looking backward, to seeing the things and the people about me with the sentimentality of a former generation. Not that I declined to accept the force of sentiment, but that I saw the whole sentiment of life in America had changed since the old *Atlantic* flourished as the literary counselor of America. The original *Atlantic Monthly* was a blight on American literature.

"There are types as dull as the people who write about them, and I wanted to avoid them. The injury which these literary traditions have done to the progress of writing in America is inconceivable, and the enemies I have made of some celebrated American literateurs by rejecting their traditions are stolidly persistent. I remember when I was trying to unravel the mystery of Alexander Hamilton's life for "The Conqueror" I had to read his son's recollections of him. It was in six volumes, and I had to use all my will-power to read them through. Think of an American

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son of a distinguished American father being so dull with such a type as Hamilton to write about.

"It is a pity perhaps that I see the ironic temptations in life, but I do. The American people do not like irony to read because they think they are being ridiculed. I must try and check myself of the habit—if I can. It is so unpopular except among a few who enjoy it." She said this in sly apology for one of the distinctive qualities that one enjoys in her novels.

"In America the novel is not being read, we haven't time for much more than a short story. My short stories come upon me in procession. I find myself writing three or four consecutively and then I have to wait for another outcrop of fiction in miniature."

She smiled stoically, which defined the unimportance of the short story in her private opinion. Yes, but the short story being in obvious popularity and especially well done by a number of American writers, could not be dismissed so indifferently.

"The short story is very difficult," she said, "very complete in its sharp harmony of color and drama, particularly happy in placing the small-town character, the farm fireside. The unimpressive becomes clever reading in the short story. It has standardized new types of American life in fiction. The short story is like a beef-tea tablet, it is literary nourishment for people who are in a hurry, discriminating people too.

"I have noticed that my own novels sell best in England. Since the war the English people seem to have turned to the American types for relaxation, for change of impressions and suggestions. In Germany too I used to find the American type is a best-seller because the Germans were anxious to study the psychology of American character. I don't think they can get it but they are trying very hard. In France there is not much interest in the American novel. The French people are so highly cultivated that our American themes may seem a trifle too naïve to conform to their exhaustive knowledge of life."

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One of the first strikingly true pictures of American character written by Mrs. Atherton appeared in her novel, "Senator North."

"I had to depict a real man in a theme so essentially given over to American character," said Mrs. Atherton.

"The novel can answer a great question of the hour, it should try to do so. Therefore when I planned my novel, "Senator North," I had to have first-hand political facts. I went to Senator Hale, of Maine, and told him that I intended to study him. He was exactly the type I wanted. A man of power in political leadership, a national figure with an intimate knowledge and experience of national politics. The Senator was at this time the leader in the Senate of his party. He had other qualities, non-political, which concerned the inner character of an American that also appealed to my plans. He lent himself very affably to the examination I imposed upon him, and when I had studied him enough I ran across the Atlantic to a retreat in Europe where I knew no one. When I am most at work, I don't want to see anybody and nobody wants to see me. When the book was finished, I sent it to Senator Hale to read and asked for his criticism of its accuracy. All the political part of the novel he dismissed as being correct. The element in the story which commanded his interest and criticism was the character of the heroine.

"If it were possible to give the recipe by which the American novel is turned out, the competition for skilled authors would be terrific. I can only say that the evolution of a theme told through the medium of its characters in a novel, must have a carefully prepared background. Not a background which throws the characters into a sort of bas-relief, nor a sketchy background merely to identify their moods. The background in the big novel is the result of the hardest work the author does. I have traveled many thousands of miles to establish my background.

"I decided once to choose Butte, Montana, as the background of "Perch of the Devil." Being in California at the time, I started across the continent intending to stop

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off at Butte and remain there sometime to study it. When I arrived there the place was so crowded that I could only get a very uncomfortable room at the hotel, and I stayed twenty-four hours. Of course, I got a general background picture, a winter glimpse of Butte. Literally driven out of the town by discomfort, I took the train for New York. In the section opposite mine on the car were two young girls from Butte. It was impossible to avoid overhearing their conversation, and as it contained the most vivid gossip of local conditions in Butte, Montana, my local color was literally provided for me by accident. Needless to say that I cultivated those young women en route to New York. They were a little suspicious of me at first, but I invited them to dinner and finally we became very good friends. Arriving in New York I remained only a few days and went to Genoa. Then I discovered that my background of Butte, Montana, was vague and imperfect. I found that I had no actual first-hand knowledge of the nature of mining, and as my chief character was to be a miner body and soul, it was clear that my story needed facts. So, I packed up bag and baggage and went straight back to Butte. I registered at the hotel, and the next day all the society people of the town did me the honor to call upon me. Although they were the people I least wanted to see, it was very nice of them to notice me. Then I started in to study mining, miners, and all the intricate qualities of the big mine. The two girls whom I met on the train were reproduced in the story. Whether they approved of their facsimiles I never knew. I hope they did. I only saw them once in their home before the novel was published, and they were very nice and very friendly. The book was written in Helena. I could write as little in this raucous town as I could sleep."

The backgrounds of her types, which Mrs. Atherton regards as the most important feature, are the literary substance, the descriptive parts which permit of fine writing, fine inspirational pen-pictures. In the long list of Mrs. Atherton's novels there are many types that are foreign.

"Although I have become a propagandist against

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Germany, many of my types have been drawn from the German people," she said.

"After all, the great difference in human motives is not so much national, as it is emotional. Under certain given conditions men and women in any country or any race can be relied upon to do almost the same things. Religious influences and national custom may alter the language and manner, but the principle of dramatic value to the novelist is the same amongst any people, in any country. It so happens that the last bit of fiction I have written, "The White Mourning," is laid in Germany. I am just reading the proofs. I find it somewhat ironic that the theme of the first book I have written in a year and a half should be laid in Germany. This did not worry me while writing the story. My types are so white, my own so entirely absorbed in their own business and not in mine, that I regard them without any prejudice, sometimes with affection, but with the interest of a human spectroscope, if there is such a thing.

"In fiction craft is as essential as art. It is not so difficult to learn how to set down what one thinks. Practice and habit soon overcome any halting for words, or doubts of expression. The difficult part of writing is the selection of types and the placing them without prejudice in their true environment. Once the trade is learned, the real work begins. Some writers who are prolific in their observations, fail to clothe their characters with sufficient care, and they die out on the printed page. They are like the poorly developed photographs that fade before they should. It is very handy for the bread and butter problems of a professional writer to be prolific, because much ordinary hurried work finds publication. But there is another element which the writer must consider in professional relation to the work. Unless it is a joy, an irrepressible ambition to create these figures in fiction, they will become grotesque through their speed, the unnatural speed of motion pictures. One's literary pride must never be neglected, we must encourage our self-respect as writers, otherwise we lose the substance of real success.

"The word genius, which is a confusing one, because

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it means nothing to many people who have no faith in it, nevertheless inspires even in writers who fail short of greatness. There are writers who seem to emerge from an inner consciousness upon the heights of extraordinary imagination. Take Robert Hichens for instance. There is born in him an exotic flame. He can go to any alien land, sit there by himself awhile, and to his mind will come wonderful pictures. He may have no definite idea at the beginning, but from the depths of his exotic feeling, types, themes and backgrounds will appear. As an instance of literary genius Hichens' case may suffice.

"One of the chief dangers to the writer is the temptation to impose propaganda upon the imagination. A great deal of this is excusable just now in the over-taxed feelings which the war has given us. As I look back over the years of my own work as a novelist, all the practical standards of that work have been changed by the hatreds and horrors of this war. Types that were appealing before the outbreak of the war are insignificant now. Whether from some divine source or not, the hearts and the brains of men and women are being remoulded, readjusted. Emotions, passions, the lesser hindrances of fear, of love, of worldly ambition are being swept aside. The novelist, who studies the psychology of eventual outcome in human conflict, is staggered to interpret the new type that has come before us. Everything that has contributed to literary certainties before, become uncertain now. Writers with a conscientious sincerity of quality and truth in their work are groping to find their way out of this disastrous confusion of human nature.

"A new standard of literary expression will have to find its place, before the novelist of today can grasp the volcanic changes of feeling and destiny about us. It is a year and a half since I have been able to write fiction. Except for "The Living Present," dealing with what the women in France have done in this war, and the short novel I mentioned, I have written nothing for book publication. Therefore a discussion of types, my types, seems like looking over

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the pages of an old album, in which you find the photographs rather stiffly posed, and out of date.

"The new type, what will it be?"

"That is the interesting problem, the most absorbing magnet of the novelist's imagination. The whole world of people is changing. New religions may come into being, new inventions will contribute new magic to our material lives, new standards of social and business relations are already upon us. Under the pressure of these upheavals men and women will emerge in new types. In America just now we are hearing the beat of drums, the call of the bugles, the shuffling of new armies marching through our streets. The new types which these hundreds of thousands of our young men are creating by virtue of the unforeseen circumstances that surround them, is food for the imagination of the novelist. The sacrifices, the complications which their wives and sweethearts must undergo through the new influence upon their men, will create a new type of American woman. Since the novel should always deal with some great question, such questions as these overwhelm the imagination, and render it hopeful but helpless.

"I still believe that the American type is the most interesting to the whole world, just now. The whole world is looking forward to a surprising inspiration it will receive from the American character. For this reason American writers who faithfully continue to interpret the immediate problems of American character will have a wide sale for their books. These serious outlooks we cannot entirely escape even if we wish to, we who must go on writing because it is our habit.

"Propaganda really has no place in fiction, however. Its proper place is in the leading newspapers of the country. We must retain, especially in the American love story our sense of justice to literary value. We must not become either hysterical or too obviously patriotic in our fiction. Good reading while inspiring, must be restful, not stirring excepting towards an uplift of feeling, feeling unrelated to immediate issues.

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"There are times when I would rather read a good detective story than anything else. I only wish they were better written than most of them are, more carefully prepared for the readers who want literary discretion with their thrills and suspense."

Those of us who have read and been refreshed in our literary emotions by Mrs. Atherton's distinguished work as an American novelist, will perhaps realize the importance of her view about the future in literature. She can, because of her foremost position, secure in her work, speak authoritatively. In predicting a "new type" she has opened a door with a tremendous vista of outlook for the American writer and the American reader. Her types, abiding as they always will in the luxury of fine literary discretion, talk and live her own creed, which has always been progress, foresight, truth. Her vision is prophetic, and what she talked amid the safety and comfort of her Riverside apartment, was as if she was on the topmost tower looking over our heads towards a wonderful future.

A SONG OF ROCHESTER'S

CHARLES WHARTON STORK

AS April buds your cheek is fair,
Your eyes are summer blue;
The rippling harvest of your hair
Is rich with autumn's hue.

And winter—has he power, my sweet,
To mar that perfect grace?
He bows, when you and he do meet,
And unto spring gives place.

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BATOUM

[AN IMPRESSION IN CIVILIZATION]

ACHMED ABDULLAH

A YEAR or two ago the writer was in a town of European Russia. At least the map and the slow-voiced, melancholy clerk at Kieff, who had sold him the railway ticket, called it European Russia. Also was the hotel European, the railway depot, the gray-coats of the soldiers, the garages, the restaurants, the music-halls, the bundles of bald statistics which the American and the British Consuls pressed upon well-introduced and curious visitors, and a good many of the women who paraded up and down the central, tree-lined Boulevard at all hours.

I walked about the streets, by myself, listening to the noises of the town. I listened carefully, and presently a little fact impressed and disturbed me:

There was hardly ever the sound of a European language. There was instead a babel, a commingling of many tongues which must have seemed as amazingly unintelligible to a casual American visitor as the Spanish of Columbus was to the Caribs. For there was spitting, purring Armenian, gliding, feline Persian, Turkish as clear and limpid as a brook, majestic Georgian, explosive Swanetian, sing-song Mongolian of many dialects, harsh Arabic and guttural, uncouth Pukhtu. Once in a while I heard a broken fragment of English, French, German and Russian. But these fragments seemed unreal, bizarre. They were like the memories of a lost, forgotten world . . . quite useless, and a little pathetic.

I looked at the people. There was an endless, fascinating variety . . . everyday-looking to themselves no doubt; but to a visitor from the West they must have seemed somehow strange, somehow half-terrible, half-hateful . . . with their bearded, wild faces, hooked noses, flashing eyes, and flowing bourkas; with their evil-looking Black Sea knives stuck in gorgeous belts, rifles swung across great, supple

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shoulders, cartridge-belts of silver and ivory, once in a while a wicked curved sabre clanking on the pavement.

"Asia!" I said to myself, and perhaps my heart beat a little faster. But I thought of what the Russian officer had told me: of British and Belgian and French capital, of the ships in the harbor, the trade with all the world, and the many little shops.

It is there that I shall find Europe, I thought, and I walked from shop to shop.

I bought Russian cigarettes. Of course. Then I entered the other shops.

The clerk who showed me American shoes was a Persian.

"American shoes? Certainly." He produced a well-known brand.

"How much?"

"Thirty roubles."

We had been speaking in Russian. Now I addressed him in Persian. He smiled, and showed me another pair of shoes. It looked exactly like the first pair. I bought it. It cost me twelve roubles. It was made in Japan.

The owner of the "*Ville de Paris*" perfumery store wore a blue turban with a bit of steel stuck in its folds. He was a Sikh from India. I asked for perfume, and he put some long, bizarre bottles on the counter. They looked familiar to me. Years ago, I had bought similar bottles in Kabul.

"But have you no French perfumes?" I inquired. "You call your establishment the '*Ville de Paris*.'"

"Yes," he replied. "I carry French perfume . . . a few bottles . . . very high-priced. But the perfume I have shown you is cheaper and better. Take this attar of roses. It will remind you of Kashmere."

It was so with the other shops. The haberdasher was a Tartar who sold me a box of handkerchiefs made in China and a necktie made in Bokhara. The glass merchant was a Circassian who handled mostly Persian wares, and the Armenian who owned the candy booth imported his sweets from Turkey and India.

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Yet I knew that the Russian had spoken the truth. Fifteen years ago the town had been barbaric, half-Asian, quite unknown.

To-day it was known. European capital had poured golden floods into the district, and was receiving huge dividends, from steamship lines and docks and oil-wells. If wealth is the opposite of barbarism, the town was barbaric no more. But was the town any less Asiatic because of the new conditions, the new wealth, because of the hotel, the garage, the music-halls, and the European women who paraded the streets?

When Russian system, French and British capital, American and European engineers and traveling salesmen opened up this new territory in " European Russia " to all the world, did they not start at least even with Asian competition?

Why, I thought, it was nearer to Berlin than to Lahore, nearer to Paris than to Chengtu, nearer to London than to Canton, practically as near to New York as to Yokohama. And the mail and transport service which connected this town with the West was better and safer and cheaper than that which connected it with the East.

Why then the Persian who sold Japanese shoes, the Sikh who sold Indian perfumes, the Tartar who sold Chinese handkerchiefs, the Circassian who sold Persian glass? Why the flowing borkas, the black and yellow bashliks, the Black-Sea knives, the many-colored turbans? Where were Messieurs Thompson, O'Neill, Macdonald, Schmidt, Durand, and Levy?

Why, in this meeting-ground of East and West, opened up by the West in the first place, did European coat and trousers look as much out of place as plaid knickerbockers and nailed boots in some dim cathedral aisle?

Late that night I was sipping my tea in a little café which spread its tables invitingly on the pavement, enjoying the cool breeze which came shorewards over the Black Sea. My Russian friend had gone to the Apollon Music-Hall to hear the Spanish singer and the American negroes; and by my side sat Chin Ko-Ou, the Chinaman.

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I spoke to him of the questions which were bothering me; and he answered me.

At least he thought he answered me. But be it remembered that Chin Ko-Ou was also an enthusiast, just like my Russian friend, and to me at least it seemed that his answer had nothing whatever to do with the questions which I had asked him.

"Always," said the Chinaman, speaking in French, " always since the world evolved from a pellet of star-dust, has the West been swallowed by the East.

" I will not speak of war. What meaning can there be to me, a Chinaman, a civilized man, in a sword which is red and a land hissing with blood?

" So I will not mention the fact that a small federation of Mongol tribes swept over Europe, reached France, after enslaving Russia and Germany, and nearly overthrew the Roman Empire on the plains of the Chalons. I will not mention the fact that a handful of Arabs, debouching from their arid desert, destroyed the Vandals of North Africa, conquered Spain and Sicily, and, long after their energy had decayed, drove the picked chivalry of Europe out of Palestine. I will not mention how a tiny little Asian tribe, the Turks, warred down the Eastern Empire of Rome, threatened all Central Europe, and still holds on to a good proportion of its early conquests.

" These are the things foreign barbarians boast of. Not I. I see things as they are. I see this town," he pointed a thin yellow hand at the streets which were still packed with the men of all Asia in spite of the late hour, " its wealth, and its progress.

"And so I repeat: always, since first an Egyptian or a Chinaman considered the wisdom of graving the annals of his family, his clan, his nation, on stone and brick, has the West given way before the East.

"Always, since first race spoke to race across the chasm of mistrust and dislike, has Asia taught and influenced Europe. This influence, this teaching, has time and again lain stagnant for centuries . . . but without rotting or

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staling; always keeping intact the marvel and the swing of its energy, its vitality.

"Asia has given to Europe the first-fruits of civilization and culture: letters, articulate speech, arithmetics, medicine, astronomy, the knowledge to guide a ship out of the sight of land. Take the sum-total of these few things, and you obtain Trade and Exploration.

" We know that early Mongols and Malays reached the South Pacific and America; that early Hindoos converted and civilized Java; that early Malays conquered and governed . . . still govern . . Madagascar; that the Arabs traded with China before Mohammed was born. All these things were done when an expedition to Britain or Gaul or Germany appeared to the Romans as a wonderful audacity, worthy to be celebrated in prose and poetry.

" Europe never came to Asia. The Greeks built up a whole literature about the fact that Asia invaded their country . . . and not because they invaded Asia. Afterwards the descendants of Alexander, the Macedonian Generals, founded a few dynasties in Western Asia. They disappeared, and they did not leave even a trace of themselves behind. Nothing European has ever taken firm root in Asia. If England left India tomorrow, inside of three hundred years the very name of England would be forgotten. Thus with the Americans in the Philippines, with the French in Indo-China.

" Not one Asian nation, not a single tribe, not even a single Asian individual has ever become completely Europeanized. Not a single European idea, habit, custom, not a single distinctively European branch of knowledge has ever penetrated into Asia . . . . unless it came from Asia in the first place. Europe has copied. But Europe has never originated.

" Therefore this town. Centuries ago, the Black Sea was a centre of Asian influence and civilization and trade. We forgot it. We had so many other things to think of, to attend to . Then Europe, utilizing the lessons learned from us, re-discovered this port.

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"Then we saw. We came. And you, my friend, this evening you bought Japanese shoes from a Persian, Chinese handkerchiefs from a Tartar, Persian glass from a Circassian."

"What else did you expect?"

The next day I repeated the conversation to the Russian officer. He smiled.

"I know Chin Ko-Ou," he said. "A nice old Chinaman, but a dreamer, a visionary. This is Europe. This is Russia. We have made it and built it. Trade and progress and wealth." He lit a cigarette. "By the way, you must come to the Apollon Music-Hall tonight. You will hear a French soubrette and some capital American negroes."

I did go, and in the box next to mine sat the Persian shoe-merchant. He recognized me and leaned over the low railing which divided the two boxes.

"A good show," he said, "don't you think so? We Asians import these play-people from Europe to sing and dance for us. They do not cost much. Also we can afford it. This is a wealthy town."

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THE IMPERIAL BATTLE

E. Hudson Strode

THERE were only two military autocracies left in the world, but they were very powerful and extremely jealous of each other. At least their emperors were jealous. The people themselves had only a feeling of common humanity and brotherly interest. They were military because it made for efficiency and because their rulers demanded the system, and blindly, they still accepted the divine-right-of-kings theory. For many years both empires had been pouring wealth and labor and scientific research and human beings into the mold that was turning out a magnificent model of military organization. At each move of one emperor there was a counter action by the other. Their armies were matched man for man, spy for spy, ammunition for ammunition, preparedness for preparedness. It was impossible for one to steal a march on the other. And as both nations were equipped and ready to the utmost limit, the war might as well come, they argued. In the final death struggle both monarchs were supremely confident of victory.

So war was declared.

The night before the opening battle the young men of both countries lined up along the boundary line, lay awake and thought—What will *we* get out of this? We are young. We have our lives to live, our ambitions to realize, our wives and sweethearts to love, our children to beget. Why were we not consulted?

Indeed, why were they not consulted? Why should they march at the command of the old men, the politicians and the big corporation leaders? Why was it in the power of a selected few law makers to set rolling the ruthless wheel of death?

The first in one country to give utterance to these thoughts was a conscripted young actor—the juvenile in a

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municipal stock company. Although he knew it might seal his doom to talk thus, he was fearless. It was as daring a thing as had happened. The young men were responsive. Each one was against war, but none had dared to say so. The word passed along the lines—tens of thousands listened and passed it on. "At sunrise we will lay down our arms and refuse to fight, saying 'We do not believe in war, and we cannot waste our young lives for a base ideal. Let those who voted for war, the old men, wage their own battle.'"

The officers were powerless—"Are you going to submit to the enemy?" they cried. "Will you refuse to defend your country?"

The young men answered, "You could have avoided this war by arbitration." Then they quietly marched home and took up their wonted work.

But the enemy army did not invade. The people did not know that the young actor had sent someone through the opposing lines, and there among the conscripted young men of the other nation had planted his seed in the souls of those who were loath to kill and devastate for the gratification of their emperor's vanity. At sunrise they too had gone back to their homes and mothers and sweethearts with a song of a great awakening in their hearts.

The emperor and those who wanted the war—the financiers and government officials who would not have to spill their own blood—raged, and cursed the lack of manhood in the young men.

Then both empires conscripted the older men.

But the older men said, "We have passed the age when war has a romantic fascination for us. Its false glamour no longer dims our sight to the awful reality of war. We are happy in our families and our work. Let the members of each country's congress who cast their ballot for war fight for what odds they choose."

So both emperors ordered the members of congress to fight a pitched battle to the destruction of one side.

But the members of congress thought it unnecessary to waste so many lives and declined to accept their monarchs'

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invitation. "Our emperor has six splendid sons, and so has the emperor of the enemy. Let the princes of both empires stage a match and we will stand by the outcome."

When the high dignitaries came to make the princes ready for the battle, however, they found them sulky and unwilling. "Why should five or six of us give our lives when one life would suffice?" they talked among themselves. "We are not ready to die. But our father is past middle age. The best part of his life is over. Yet he is healthy and strong. Our enemy's ruler would be a fair adversary. The emperors desire war more than any one else. Let them fight it out."

So the crown princes put it before their fathers. But the old emperors were more disgusted with their sons than their lily-livered subjects. Somehow they did not seem to thrill at the idea of their personal appearance in combat.

Still, there was no way out. The people clamored for the fight between their chiefs. The war would be so easily settled. Really, what was the life of one old man? The country's blood would run in but a single tiny stream. Why had not all the nations of the past settled their difficulties in this way?

So it was decided. War indemnity was staked against war indemnity, valuable colonial possession against colonial possession. A neutral committee of referees was selected; and it sanctioned armor and approved of the battle axe for the weapon and decreed that the fight was to continue to the death of one contestant. A monstrous arena was constructed on the boundary line of the two countries.

The day for the Imperial Battle came, and each emperor was closeted in his dressing room with his most eminent scientist.

A golden bugle sounded as the signal, and from the opposite arched passageways stalked two figures clad in clanking armor. A dead quiet fell upon the arena as the emperors approached the center of the field. Then the clear note of the golden bugle sounded again. The emperors raised their axes and brought them down with terrific force

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on their opponent's head. A flash of fire—then instantly a deafening explosion rent the air. The two figures were blown to smithereens. When the smoke cleared, some shattered bits of armor plate lay about the ground, but of flesh or bone there was no sign.

The people were dumb with astonishment; spellbound at the miracle. But suddenly from the two arched passageways appeared two men crying, each in his native tongue, "Victory! Victory is mine!"

As the senses of the people gradually returned, they realized that the two shouting triumphant figures were either the ghosts of the emperors or else the emperors themselves. And then the emperors recognized each other and their mouths remained wide open, but no words came out. After a momentary amazement, they knew what had happened and each admired the other for his cleverness.

This was what had happened. Neither wanted to lose his own precious life (although he had been so ready and urgent to trample out the lives of millions) so each had secretly called upon his chief scientist for aid. The scientist had invented an automaton in the guise of the emperor and filled it with a high explosive, so that when the opponent struck he would be blown to atoms. Neither had reckoned upon the other calling upon inventive genius to save him. Both automatons were equally destroyed. The committee of referees had to declare a draw. The monarchs and the empires were satisfied.

And that was the end of the war.

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THE HOUSE IN THE RUE DE LILLE

AMEEN RIHANI

OF sombre simplicity and uniform architecture, like all Paris buildings, with only this distinction—a coat of arms and two melancholy eagles over the entrance—it stands wrapt in desert silence. Its gates, its windows, its doors are all closed and no one is ever seen going into or coming out of it. No one passing ever lingers in its shade, no one ever looks in its direction. The sparrows have the freedom of its court-yards, the moss, of its walls, the spiders, of its ceilings, the moths, of its carpets, and over all reigns a tragic silence. No human voice, for the last three years, has ever been heard therein, no human hand has unlocked the portals behind which is buried the spirit of international amity and peace.

There is a lamp in front of the door, which is the only one lighted in the street, in whose flickering beams a hooded policeman is seen pacing the sidewalk, giving the scene a touch of ghostliness. I wonder every time I pass by it whether the spirit that is buried therein will ever be resuscitated. I wonder whether in the near or the far future the hundred lights that shone in its ball room will shine again with renewed splendor over an assembly of official pomp and cosmopolitan magnificence.

It is now the vacant seat of an enemy nation,—the tomb of its sanity,—the haunt, as it were, of its evil genius. It represents nothing these days but the most elemental and most consuming of human passions,—a passion that broke out in central Europe and is overwhelming the whole world. Even Paris is submerged, caught in the rapid and mighty currents. Indeed, the spirit of hate is abroad instigating, actuating, spurring to Herculean labors the thousand human forces of a city in uniform, a nation in arms. It is a symbol, this house, of a system that has reduced man to an automaton and civil authority to a cannon.

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And behold the world behind the battlefields—the world that is reflected by Paris. Its councils are the pivots of oratorical thunder; its public tribunes are the last lines of trenches; its theatres and cinema palaces are ammunition stores; its illustrated weeklies are makers of shells and shrapnels; and everywhere the civil population is transformed into combustibles. No feeling, no sentiment, no passion, no thought, no aim, no action, but that which is born of hate. Hate is the supreme god of the day: hate is the religion of a nation in arms.

But Paris can make even a religion attractive and sometimes, in a blaspheming humor, amusing. If she is blind to-day to everything else but this, she is in this far-sighted, all-seeing. Her genius, subtle and supple, varied and infinite, while weaving a wreath for the God of the Day, or forging for him a new armor, can not resist pointing a finger to a patch in his toga or a loose string in his sandals. But she follows the High Priests, whoever they be—the senators, the deputies, the editors, the artists, the humorists, the satirists, the economists,—the gay and the grave,—even the philosophers and the scientists, who are all transcribing and translating the divine commands. The *Taisez-vous* legend, for instance, is become famous. *Be silent! Beware! The ears of the enemy can hear you!* is posted everywhere. And in the restaurants the *hors d'oeuvre* is on the wall: *Citizens, remember what the enemy has done!* (The crimes of the Boches are enumerated.) *Engrave this on your hearts and let eternal hate be the chastisement of these crimes!* These are samples of the orders that are issued by the authorities.

But Paris is artistic, even gay, in the expression of her hate. Paris is in military uniform, but her spirit is in diaphanous silk. Paris is in arms, but her genius, nevertheless, is in good humor. She decorates her weapons with chiffon and point-lace; she smiles and lifts her brow; she has the gesture that makes any passion beautiful. Her sacred wrath never conceals her seductive charm. She is to-day the personification of Salome and Jeanne d'Arc. She has shed her seven veils before the Divinity of Hate: she has drawn the sword

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in the name of La Patrie. And for national defense, she will forego anything but her grace and ardor and good humor. She will sacrifice anything, everything, but her charm. With the fire of de Lisle in her eyes, the eloquence of Danton in her words, the smile of Voltaire on her lips, she is supremely divine.

But even the gods become at times tedious and monotonous. The dance of hate, the song of hate, the sword of hate, the picture of hate, the drama of hate,—one tires of the continuous performance and the eternal refrain. One sees it, hears it, feels it, is gorged with it everywhere and at every hour of the day and night. One becomes insensible even to its choice varieties. Hark, the voice of the siren! *Garde a vous!* the Taubes are coming. A distant rumbling is heard in the sky; it clatters over the head of Paris; and the enemy in wolfish humor announces his visit with a bag of sand containing his card. A few bombs follow, a few lives are snuffed out, and soon the din of this visit of hate dies away in the clouds.

But in the cafés and concert halls, in the press and around the hearth, it echoes and reechoes far and wide. The eternal refrain!—loud and thunderous at times, at others, soft and subtle; obvious and grotesque here, lewd and ludicrous there; at once noble and absurd, fantastic and terrible and grand. Citizens, remember what the enemy has done! Let eternal hate be the chastisement of his crimes! Citizens, remember there is no coal. Burn up your garbage. Citizens, remember there is no sugar. Close up the patisseries. Citizens, to the munition factories. Citizens, to the recruiting station. Citizens, to your coffers. Thus, the High Priests of the Divinity of the Day, whatever their means of expression. And what versions we get of this. From the cannon at the front to the new recruit blowing his shrill whistle on the Boulevard, the variety is infinite: in doggerels and Alexandrines, in lyrics and epics, in psychological dissertations and rhodomontades, in manuals on economy, in editorials on the coal crisis, in blood-curdling reels at Pathé, in one act plays at the Grand Gignol,—the eternal refrain!

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And Paris, never without a grand passion, is always in good humor. Her attitude of mind, which is the quintessence of her strange duality of spirit,—gaiety and grandeur,—is always the same. Yes, whether the house in the Rue de Lille opens again to-morrow or remains closed forever, whether at war or at peace, in victory or in defeat, her vision never narrows, is never dimmed, her attitude of mind seldom changes, her good humor is seldom at an ebb.

The Taubes have disappeared; the lamp in front of the House is relighted; and the hooded policeman is seen pacing up and down within the limits of its flickering beams. The sparrows are asleep on the skeleton branches of the trees in the courtyard, on the ledges of the chimneys, under the wings of the two eagles; the spiders are weaving within; the moths are digging trenches in the carpets; and over all reigns a tragic silence. The Taubes can produce no other impression on what was once the seat of their empire's good will. And Paris, like the spiders and the moths within, is weaving a shroud for the Enemy, is nibbling into his heart, slowly working his destruction; and like the sparrows she sleeps in peace; and like the officers of the peace, she is on guard. In her grand manner, she says of these nocturnal visits of hate, *C'est la guerre.* In her gay manner, she exclaims, *C'est amusant.*

And her children echo her sentiment, imitate her gesture. On the Boulevard, under the snow and in the dim lights, the cocotte and the poilu, arm in arm, are chattering, chirping, tittering in momentary oblivion and joy. The people stop as usual to gaze at attractive art windows; they flow into and out of the cafés; they stand in queues at the cinema palaces as they do in the day time shivering around the coal yards, discussing the events of the day and finding in the orders of the Committee on Economies something to relieve the monotony of the official Communique.

And responding to the call, obeying the commands, to be sure. A magnificent spectacle of a grand passion at work. But the result, the ghastly reality! Young officers in attractive uniforms you see everywhere. At the Gare de l'Est a

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sea of azure blue is ever flowing into and out of the station—the poilus on leave, the poilus returning to the front. And not all of them, only a few of them, can testify to the much vaunted healthfulness of life in the trenches. With haggard, downcast features, tired, empty eyes, stolid expressions, the fire of hate in the breasts of most of them seems to be extinguished forever.

But there is a residue inexhaustible, which flows on the boulevards, which fills the cafés and the concert halls and the cinema palaces. These, however, are now closed four days in a week and there is nothing left to do but to join one of the two great armies—that at the front or that of the munition factories. Yes, the civil population is being mobilized, and Paris is as generous with her men of sixty as with her youth of sixteen. Generous, indeed, in spite of the wounded that fill her hospitals, in spite of that other army that sadly limps and gropes around her. Poilus in empty sleeves, poilus on crutches, poilus with wooden legs, artificial noses, glass eyes, poilus with disfigured faces, blind and deaf and tubercular poilus,—here is an army of the crippled, the disfigured, the deformed, which, instead of discouraging the civil population, incites it to greater sacrifices, to mightier efforts. And to the cry of hate Paris reverberates with the low cry of vengeance.

And the spiders are weaving their own shrouds in the House in the Rue de Lille and the moths are digging trenches in the carpets. And in any of the big cafés, as you take your drink, you behold such scenes as are depicted only in ancient legends. Here is a disfigured face on which heroism stamped the laugh eternal; there is another which the mother, when it first came out of the hospital, did not recognize. A woman leading a blind young man into a restaurant or into a street car, is not an uncommon sight. And everywhere one beholds, is haunted with, the sinister spectre of mutilation. Empty sleeves, arms in slings, bandaged heads, wooden legs, glass eyes, no eyes at all— and tuberculosis! O God, when will the fiendish monster cease to disfigure, disable and contort the races of Europe? O God, when will it all end?

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We may accept it with a calm but firm spirit; we may with our own modern medical science and surgery, lessen its pain and horror; we may exercise our genius and our art in giving it immortal expression and in forging arms for the combat; we may jest and indulge ourselves in persiflage;—play the buffoon that we might not go mad; we may at a distance find in the tragedy a grotesquery that excites our laughter; we may even wolfishly profit by the losses and sacrifices of the nation: but the ghastly reality will always confront us and will be the most horrible obsession of many generations to come. Not your dead, not your widows, not your orphans, but your brave young children, O Paris, crippled and disfigured, tubercular and blind, what will you do with them, and what will you do for their progeny? Paris has often in her history been asked this question. And as often, with a clear vision, a firm heart and a heroic purpose she replied, *C'est la guerre.* This is the burden of her chant, which, from the cannons at the front to the shrill whistle on the boulevards, rises to-day in orchestral crescendo and grandeur.

C'est la guerre, indeed. And how often, I mused as I was crossing the bridge that was built with the stones of the Bastille, how often has she said this before. How often has she gone through this tragic and heroic experience! How often has she destroyed palaces to build monuments for her brave children and then destroyed the monuments to build temples for her new gods!

Even such contemplations are not consoling in these arctic days. The Seine, which seems to be rising with the spirit of Paris, is impeding her economic forces. In this third winter of the War, the coldest she has experienced for twenty-five years past, she stands shivering at the coal yards with an empty bucket in her hand. And she has to endure new restrictions every day. Which she does with supreme resignation. And she can hold out whether the representatives of the nation can cope with the coal crisis or not. There, even at this late hour of the night, they are still discussing the question of transportation. They might as well discuss the weather or try to dam the flood-gates of the Seine. By the

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time they finish, the rigors of the winter will have passed, *inshallah.*

And the present passion of Paris, too; yes, the passion of hate and vengeance must soon or late be dissipated. It is a wonder that in its orgasm the House in the Rue de Lille was not destroyed to build a monument with its stones to the heroes of Verdun. Destroyed? Before I had pronounced the word, indulging the mood of the hour, a gust of wind blew the snow in my eyes and all around me for a moment was gray infinity. The steps of another man I could hear, and soon too his voice.

"Are you also going to the ball?"

"What ball?" I asked in amazement.

And of a sudden, as we turned the corner, the veil of snow that transformed the night into a gray immensity, was lifted and the darkness to which I had been accustomed at this hour, was transformed into a brilliantly lighted street, choked with carriages and automobiles. The stranger pointed to the house, which was decorated with flags and chinese lanterns and towards which the sumptuous traffic converged.

"The master of the house has returned and he is giving a ball to celebrate the occasion."

And pointing to two men that had just stepped out of a limousine and passed under the eagles at the entrance, the stranger continued.

"Look, one of them is wearing the Iron Cross, the other, the button of the Legion of Honor. Come let us go in with them."

"But I am not invited."

"Nor am I."

"And may I have the pleasure—"

Before I had finished my question, he replied:

"I am the Spirit of Eternal Recurrence."

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A DEVONSHIRE GIRL

DAVID MORTON

SUMMER will come with bloom and bird
Down Flanders way again,
And hills be healed of all they heard,
And grass forget its stain.

The light will ripple through the wheat
Grown golden in the sun,
And Summer dusks be still and sweet
When Summer days are done.

There lovers, walking hand in hand,
Will have no care to know
How once the dull dust where they stand,
Was Dream and Song and Glow.

Nor how beneath them on their day
Of tender speech and trust,
My heart is beating in that clay,
And breaking in that dust.

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THE FAITH THAT IS IN US

A RALLYING-CRY TO AMERICANS

WINTHROP TALBOT

AMERICANIZATION is the voluntary choosing of things American, the preferring of what America stands for. What are these things? Freedom to worship God? Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? Government through representation of the people, by the people, for the people? Equal suffrage and a will to public service? Perhaps one, perhaps all, but also something even more basic still, something which is the very source of all our rights and privileges as American citizens. America stands for the right of the individual to know, for freedom of human thought, and a unique mechanism for thought extension. We stand for the universal untrammeled right and opportunity to share in thought, for this means true democracy.

In 1620 Americanism was liberty to specialize in intolerance. There was little thought of toleration, freedom, union, democracy, in the Americanism of the Pilgrim Fathers. Nor were the Puritans dissimilar,. Stern and unbending sectaries as they were, they builded better than they knew when they established in Boston in 1635 the first free public Latin grammar school, the beginning of the American public school system. Intended to train youth for the ministry, this first free school for higher learning steadily expanded to larger public service and became both the exemplar and prototype of our free public school system of to-day.

ASPECTS OF AMERICANIZATION

But not all Americans are humanists. We still retain among us the libertarian, the sectarian, the party worshiper, the nationalist, all of whom represent the various stages in the growth of Americanism. Each of us defines Americanism to himself in terms befitting the stage which he historically represents. It is well for us in this war against autocracy to picture clearly these many-sided aspects of Americanism,

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these stages of growth of social, political, industrial, religious, and scientific freedom in thought sharing in America.

We may agree that freedom of opportunity in the sharing of thought is the chief characteristic of Americanism today, but we must face diversity in Americanism occasioned by geographical environment as well as by historical growth. The Bostonian has one conception of Americanism, the New Yorker another, the Washingtonian and the Chicagoan something quite different, and the Texan conception again is not that of the Californian.

Becoming Americanized means getting to share Americanism. There is large variety of meaning to the word, as well as an infinitude of charm, and naturally a fine chance for dogmatism and debate. We may well regard as pseudo-Americanization the ill-judged attempts of well-meaning American enthusiasts to fit the alien to a Procrustean bed of Americanism. Are there not many of us who, although of American birth and ancestry ourselves are egoistic, intolerant, domineering, and autocratic in our narrow conception of Americanism, disdainful of those treasures of heritage which the foreign born continually bring to our shores in rich abundance, and ready to deride these new gifts as "not American" because they happen to be new to us?

It has been said that America is a melting pot. How crude the simile, though dramatic, and how untrue, moreover how opposed to biologic fact. Rather is America a glorious garden where racial stocks of hardy type take root, and in richer soil by cross fertilization and intensive cultivation develop large variety and wonderful fruitage. Does it not prophesy well for the future too, that foreign human plants and seeds brought to this great Garden of the West generally do take root here, to bloom continually and so to add their mite and might to the common weal? Somehow or other, by the process of Americanization, by successful modification and adaptation in our Garden, even human prickly pears are prone to lose their thorns and poisonous human varieties seem to become harmless.

What is the magic wand that effects this transmutation?

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Some may deem it the political constitution of our country, but England's constitution is as liberal as ours. Some would say religious toleration, but China is religiously tolerant. Some might think it the great natural resources of a new country, but Russian Siberia offers more than America. Perhaps the suffragist believes it is because American women have a greater chance and greater rights, but little Finland is our superior in this regard.

No, we may guess, and guess again, but all our guesses will be in vain until we realize that America is truly the land of the free for the reason that in America, and in America alone, is established a unique mechanism and system whereby everyone is proffered generous opportunity to share the thought of all.

It was in America where the free public school was established for the common benefit, where the free public library had its birth, where the linotype and rotary press were invented to make low cost printing possible, and so to render the news print page a popular necessity in thought extension and thought sharing.

A LAND OF FREE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS

America is the only land where the free public school affords equal opportunity to all to progress in uninterrupted mental expansion from kindergarten, through grade school, high school, and college to the technical and professional school at public expense. Elsewhere this opportunity is afforded to some, it is true, but in no other land is it regarded as a birthright for every child.

In America the free public library, that greatest University of all the people, no longer remains a mere store-house of knowledge nor even a reservoir of learning, but rather is a powerful dynamo equipped to supply mental power in small or large quantities as desired. Its trunk wires are rapidly being extended to supply every vital occupation and interest of the community. Most of us are unaware of, or indifferent to this growth of the free public library, for like all growth processes it is a quiet growth, so that unless we have lived in

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foreign lands, we cannot realize that the possession of the public library in this form is the privilege of America alone among all the nations of the world.

It is because the free public school, the free public library, and the free press are American dynamos, that we gain power more and more to share thought, and by so doing give promise of true democracy. For is not democracy based upon ability and opportunity to understand one another and so to grip each other's aims, purposes, and meanings? Moreover as the power of mutual comprehension rests on the printed word, does not ability of all to read provide the basis of democracy? In Russia, for instance, in Mexico, and in other lands where the literate form the small minority of the population, democracy is indeed a plant of tender growth, the vitality of which must depend mainly upon extension of schooling. Democracy must have a mechanism for sharing thought, for democracy must be able to think in common terms.

The spoken word of course is a potent means of sharing thought and one reason why Americanization is fraught with so much power is because no country has so many millions who speak the same language. We rightly lay stress on teaching English to foreigners in order that diversity of tongues may not shatter our Babel tower; but since the printed word is more potent than the spoken word because it reaches further and conveys richer meanings, so our Americanization depends for its full worth upon wholly removing the hindrance and stigma of foreign illiteracy, as well as that of the native born, white and negro. When each adult in the United States, barring only the mentally defective, is compelled through the force of an aroused public opinion and higher standards of industrial management to learn to read and write, then for the first time may we talk rightfully and purposefully of complete Americanization, for literacy is essential to Americanism.

Among peoples who have established a general mechanism for sharing thought, nothing can impede thought sharing. Clear thinking in this regard is essential to right planning

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in this war in which health, industry, and sane politics must be our mainstay. For example it has been said and properly that a nation's force in arms depends upon health and freedom from disease, but what advocate of public health has not found his best efforts balked through inability of people even to read health notices and sanitary instructions? In industry what manager has not failed to attain his largest aims because of friction, misunderstanding, or strife engendered through inability of illiterate workers to comprehend simple work directions or work relations? What political boss has failed to find advantage for himself at public cost by exploiting the votes of an illiterate electorate? Is it not among the densely unschooled that exploitation of every sort exists? Is it not these who suffer chiefly the evils resulting from poverty, bad housing, contaminating food, congestion, infant mortality, child labor, alcoholism, and crime, and who will say that any of these evils we are glad to term American? We would not indeed think of the crowded slums and their attendant evils as typically American but rather of the decent individual home and its garden? Nor is this suffering confined to the illiterate, for the literate themselves also perforce suffer reflexly. If as Americans we agree that three basic forces for Americanization are the free public school, the free public library, and the free press, in giving ability and opportunity to read, write and speak a common language, and thus to enable thought to be shared in common, then shall we not unite in furthering extension of this mechanism? In America we have six million adult workers who cannot read a word or form a letter.

THE DEEPENING CURRENT

The deepening current of American life bids fair to sweep as a mighty flood throughout the world. Study of our emigration to foreign countries as contrasted with immigration to this country, reveals millions of sturdy emigrants, who have returned to their homes from America. Through their industry and economies, they have been enabled to send a quickening stream of material wealth back to their home

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countries, but of immensely greater import to the democracy of the world has been the good news, the gospel of opportunity for all through the American mechanism of thought sharing which having been learned in America, they have sent or brought to their home countries. It is in America that they have discovered this potent mechanism for uprooting autocracy and thereby eliminating serfdom. As they have gone back in hundreds of thousands to the lands of their birth in the Orient, the Occident, and the Antipodes, they have carried with them everywhere the American idea of the free public school, the free public library, and the American newspaper, and thus while they may have retained their racial traits, their racial languages, and racial customs, nevertheless, by adopting this mechanism for their own, they themselves have become Americanized, and everywhere as earnest disciples are promoting true Americanization by extending these means of sharing thought. In this sense our emigrants from America have become the revolutionists of Russia and the educators of Japan and China. They have awakened Britain and Ireland to greater liberty and wider humanism and now are extending through the war a helping hand to the victims of autocracy and privilege.

To end slavery of the mind, to promote mutual understanding in the service of each for all and all for each, is our gospel of Americanization, the Faith that is in us.

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TRUTHS FROM BUSINESS

THEODORE N. VAIL

[AS TRANSCRIBED FROM AN INTERVIEW BY SAMUEL CROWTHER]

WITHIN the comparatively short span of my own life I have seen tremendous, fundamental changes in the whole structure of our business and social organization. These changes have been greater than those of the ten preceding centuries and they have been compressed into so small a number of years that we, as yet, do not quite know where we stand.

Our country was never potentially so strong and sound as it is today, yet we do not find certainty and stability in our economic conditions. We find well defined business and political policies notably absent and, in their place, a vast number of fads, fancies and vagaries which are seriously advanced as cure-alls for every possible condition. There is a distinct tendency to accept universal panaceas as if it were possible to change the whole world overnight.

Contrast the conditions which I saw as a boy and the conditions of today. When I first entered business, man was self-dependent; with the exception of the luxuries—and there were few enough of them—the individual and his family produced every necessity of life. Most production and manufacture was by individual, manual labor; there was some little centralization but it was very slight and the groups were small. The individual seldom left his own neighborhood and he almost as seldom communicated with the outside world through the only medium of communication—letters. Intercommunication, intercourse or interchange between separate sections or states was uncommon and there were few centers of trade or commerce. The world was individual and self-contained.

Now none of us is self-contained; we depend upon others for not only the luxuries but also for the comforts and the very necessities of life. Labor is no longer individual; it

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is organized into vast establishments where machinery has largely replaced human labor. And that which has most largely contributed to this marvelous change has been the growth in "intercommunication" and "transportation."

The most marked changes have been:

From simple life to complex life.
From dissociated individual effort and small enterprises to centralized cooperative enterprises and aggregated labor.
From highly skilled manual labor to automatic machinery.
Disturbance of relative standards of value of long standing, caused by great discoveries of precious minerals.

The great increase in nominal but not relative wealth of the individual, and a greater distribution of property to the whole public through the changing of the great potential resources of the country into tangible and realizable assets by the restless and resistless energy of the inventor, the dreamer and the optimist, backed by energy, initiative and persistency.

I cannot conceive that changes more far-reaching than these could ever again take place within a like number of years. The changes have brought distinct business problems to each of us—whether we be engaged in big or little business. But our problems of today are not the problems of yesterday, and for that reason there is a tendency to ignore both the past and the present and to think from a basis which has no existence but which is conceived as a half ideal state of affairs.

We all ardently desire ideal conditions but we cannot go far if we start off by assuming that the ideal is already here. It is not here. Until the ideal arrives we will proceed faster by facing the facts of actual conditions. Having a correct understanding of the conditions we are in a position to go forward.

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The telephone has probably had to face more new situations growing out of conditions than any other business. It has met and is meeting every possible phase and shade of difficulty which any business, great or small, has ever met and in addition it has had its own peculiar questions to answer.

The relation of the telephone system to the public is unique in that there is no other public utility or public service which occupies quite the same personal relation to the public. In this country the relationship has acquired additional importance as a public necessity owing to the development of the service, the use made of it, and the dependence upon it by the public in its business and social relations.

This importance is not only in the local exchange service, but in the dependence upon a quick and reliable service to all points within speaking radius. This dependence is not a mere accident or development, nor is it merely incidental to the service; it is the result of a thoroughly considered endeavor to create a business by first providing dependable facilities.

In the early days of the telephone, one of the sub-officials of a company made a protest against the expenditure of a considerable sum in improving and rebuilding a certain toll-line, on the ground that the business was not sufficient to support the existing line. The answer to his protest was that it could not be expected that business would be developed upon unreliable and inefficient facilities and service; that unless telephone service could be depended upon at all times, it would only be used in an emergency or as a last resort; therefore it was necessary that efficiency and reliability should be established before large business could be expected; that the only question to be considered before establishing service was—whether there was a population with a potential business.

This is the policy which controlled the development of the Bell telephone system in America.

The telephone was born when it was the popular idea that an electrician was the man who put up the electric call-

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bells, when electrical engineers, as at present understood, did not exist; and, except in the workshops of a few self-developed working electricians of ingenuity and imagination, the science of electricity was studied only in college laboratories.

Investigation, research and experiment departments were established at the very beginning of the career of the telephone and the present efficiency has been due to the cooperative, coordinated work of the departments of operation with the departments of engineering, experiment, research and development—of the whole system. Research, investigation, experiment—comprehensive and thorough—are now necessary to hold any position in any industrial or utility enterprise.

From out of the experience of those years I have learned a number of basic principles which I think are compelling. These principles are of universal application and their thorough understanding will go far towards the solution of many public and private difficulties. Once a principle is rightly grasped, the problem is half solved.

Here are the results of my experience:

(1) Ordinary results come from ordinary methods; the great results of the world are the result of that organization and efficiency which produces more with less effort and work than can be produced by ordinary methods.

(2) Public prosperity is largely dependent upon good service of all kinds, not only within but without. The interconnecting interests of individuals within a community, and of communities with one another, is like an endless chain, each link or unit depending on the strength and reliability of the whole, and the effective worth of the whole depending on each link. Good or bad movements in economic matters do not produce immediate effects, but because the effects are not immediate they are none the less certain to come. If the causes which have produced prosperity are ignored, if economic laws are disregarded, and experiments in new ideas are enforced without trial, the resulting trouble will again, as it has in the past, cause unfortunate results, which will

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in time bring about reform, but the damage and destruction done will never be restored.

(3) The normal prices of all products are based on cost of efficient production plus a profit; the man who does not produce efficiently cuts into his profits—they have been dissipated, wasted without benefitting anyone.

Net revenue can be produced in two ways: by a large percentage of profit on a small business, or a small percentage of profit on a large business. Population, potential business, social and business conditions, generally decide which course will be followed; but with a large population with large potentialities, the experience of all industrial and utility enterprises has been that it adds to the permanency and undisturbed enjoyment of a business, as well as to the profits, if the prices are put at such a point as will create a maximum consumption at a small percentage of profit.

(4) Production is governed by the demands of consumption; large sums of money are spent annually by producers to obtain new markets, enlarge old ones, and even to obtain the customers of their rivals. A greater market can often be made at less cost by a slight change of policy. A little liberality in treatment, a little let-up in restrictions, when accompanied by demand for increased facilities, will make a tremendous difference.

(5) It is a popular belief that it is due to competition that prices and charges have been permanently reduced. Competition may have been a slight stimulant, but permanently reduced prices are brought about by the protection which encourages the inventor to create and develop labor and time-saving machines, and new and improved methods and devices, and by his desire to gain the profits which reward the study of the wishes, needs, comforts, and luxuries of the world, for the purpose of bettering the existing ones or creating new ones; by the initiative and enterprise which introduced the improved processes and methods; by the introduction of machinery operated by ordinary labor at high wages, to take the place of highly skilled labor at comparatively low wages; by the great increase in the number of

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purchasers or consumers and by the increase in the average purchasing power of each individual; by the development of markets of such magnitude that large sums could be devoted to the introduction of machinery, processes, and methods which cut producing cost and enable a large aggregate profit to be realized on large production and large sales at low prices and small percentage of profit. Whether the consumers created the producers or the producers the consumers, whether the developing market produced the improvements which increase production or whether the improvements produced the market, is difficult to determine, but one thing is sure—that the business organization of any community is so dependent upon the community that sooner or later any effect, whether for good or for bad, is bound to be felt over the whole.

(6) Where competition in any field is carried on at a reasonable profit it may be the result of agreement expressed or implied, or it may be that observation or experience of the cost, and destruction of aggressive competition, lead to the exercise of a reasonable restraint in the method and efforts of all to increase business and maintain profits. So long as business is above normal or is even normal, it is easy for competitors to maintain prices or to observe agreements; but when business is subnormal and hard to obtain, while at the same time expenses are constant, charges are continuous, and business at or below cost is better than none, no agreement or understanding, expressed or implied, without penalty, will be long observed.

(7) Competition—excepting that kind which is rather "participation" than "competition," and operates under agreement as to prices or territory; that kind which provides for the extension or development of the country, and is conducted on the principle of maintaining high quality and fair prices—can only exist where there are abuses, either in the way of unreasonable profits or of excessive capitalization. Where control and regulation are effective, these abuses cannot exist or continue. Consequently competition and control and regulation do not go together, and if a mistaken

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public opinion demands competition in established fields of "sufficient" and "efficient" service given under control and regulation, the result will be duplication of plant, for which the general public must sooner or later pay either in the loss of capital invested, or in higher charges necessary to pay returns on capital invested in the duplicated plant. The losers, as we said above, may not lose to the same individuals, but whatever is lost to individuals is lost to society and sooner or later affects the individual.

(8) Unskilled, unintelligent labor is the cheapest commodity in the world. The value of labor increases in direct ratio with the skill and intelligence combined with it.

To a certain extent, wages are beyond the power of any single individual or corporation to fix; traffic and living conditions and public sympathy with the laboring man have a large and generally controlling influence in the case of wages. No one objects to the best of wages for the best of service, but wages and service are so directly related that one must control the other. If the man rendering the service gets more compensation for the same work, then the service must bring more remuneration—if not, where are the wages paid to come from?

If there is an increase in the work performed for the increase of wages, then and then only can wages be increased without increasing cost of service. Improvements in methods, economy in operation, scientific and intelligent organization and operation have enabled greater service to be obtained by the same or less effort.

(9) There are a few underlying principles governing public service enterprises which are not always either understood or known or the importance of them, if known, not fully appreciated. The public is as much dependent upon our public service enterprises as public service enterprises are dependent upon the public.

In the long run the public can receive no more than it pays for. Proper and sufficient compensation for service is an absolute necessity in order that good service may be demanded and received. When the expenses of a corpora-

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tion are increased because of increase in wages, cost of material and public demand for improvements, it is necessary to increase the revenue to meet them. It is no longer possible to meet these increased expenses by operating improvements or changes.

(10) Much of the present feeling towards corporations is based upon wrong ideas as to the relations between capitalization and operation. It is believed that capitalization and the manipulation of capital are the cause of existing difficulties. However, much unreasonable capitalization or the manipulation of stocks may be condemned and deplored, one thing must be remembered, and that is capitalization, honest or dishonest, cannot affect earnings.

Promoters and so-called financiers may monkey with and manufacture capital, but stock manipulation and gambling is, as a rule, a game in which money changes hands and the public is neither richer nor poorer. Innocent individuals, over-credulous investors, who do not purchase through safe channels, or small speculator-gamblers—all these may suffer, but the money remains. It only changes hands. Capital or wealth can only be lost to the community as a whole by being invested in enterprises of an unprofitable character.

(11) At the beginning, every public utility or public service was started as an improvement upon something, some method, or some practice—and was a luxury. The greater the real benefit, or the greater the service, of the utility to the public, the quicker its adoption and the more rapid its assimilation into the daily habits and life of the people. The quickness with which it changed from a luxury or convenience to a necessity was a direct measure of its advantage to the community; while at the same time, and in the same proportion, the chances of competition increased, created, as it were, by the desire of those who always depend on the enterprise of others for their initiative, to secure a share of the material advantages, to reap where others have sown.

There are but few utilities which have no alternative or substitute. The alternative or substitute will generally be less convenient, comfortable, or efficacious, and, conse-

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quently, less desirable to the user or consumer; but, in the absence of a better, it answers the purpose and is cheaper, and at some time was regarded as the ultimate possibility in the way of comfort, convenience, and luxury. An instance is lighting: electric light has gas as an alternative, gas has burning oils, burning oils have candles.

No utility can sell its service or its commodity at a price greater than its value, in comfort or convenience, if not in actual money, to the purchaser or consumer; and the price and quality of service or commodity must be so regulated that enough can be sold to produce net revenue sufficient to pay a fair return upon the cost of the plant, and of the organization and establishing of the business.

(12) Cunning, sharpness, trickery, misleading words or acts in business are but substitutes for brute force. When the protection of society made force punishable, and the power of the community could enforce the penalty, cunning and stratagem were substituted. Cunning and stratagem and tricks can, and may be, of such an undefinable character as to keep within the letter of the law, but that does not justify the use nor does it entirely avoid the penalty. They are bound to be followed by the loss of self-respect and the respect of the community, and by substantial material losses.

If there be a question between material gain and self-respect, the latter should always be chosen. The best citizen is the one who does his full duty towards himself, his family and the community. A really self-respecting citizen—one who does not delude himself—is always a good one.

* * * * * * *

We hear much about progressiveness, uplift and higher ideals. Progressiveness is good when subordinated to conservative common sense and practical initiative, but it must not be overlooked that old methods and old ideas were always founded on existing conditions or on existing necessities and were the outgrowth of existing possibilities.

Before discarding old ideas or old methods, first ascertain, and ascertain conclusively, whether or not old condi-

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tions and old necessities have changed or ought to be changed; whether or not the supposed imperfections of the old were caused by improper, unintelligent or ignorant use or operation which could be corrected by intelligent understanding and effort; or whether or not adjustments or modifications, instead of radical change or destruction, would not accomplish all that could be accomplished or desired. Do not undertake to change undesirable methods that are controlled by undesirable conditions before changing the conditions. Methods will always be governed by conditions.

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LOOSENING AMERICA'S PURSE STRINGS

By A Wall Street Observer

Note: *Each month from now on The Forum will present a review and an outlook of financial conditions, authoritatively secured from the most conservative and reliable sources.*

THERE has been no more opportune time for the loosening of American purse strings than the present. Not only is this true in relation to the purchasing of Liberty Bonds, but in relation to the general financial outlook.

To the casual onlooker, who makes no study of economic conditions, this doubtless seems to be a poor time for buying. However, a careful study of present conditions should serve to convince the most credulous that whoever has money to invest, not only in Liberty Bonds, but in other securities, can find no better opportunity than at the present.

The paramount duty of us all is to secure Liberty Bonds. Past events have given proof that this has been very generally understood. Most of us know how thoroughly safe these bonds are, and everyone else should be made to know it, to understand that they are as safe as gold, as legal tender, in fact. The return of 4 per cent. interest is excellent, and, unlike so many other securities, they may be turned into cash at a moment's notice. Every American who can afford a bond, or any part of a bond, from weekly instalments up to blocks of thousands of dollars worth, should do his share. A great many have already freely purchased of them, and those who have not at this eleventh hour, if they have any patriotism whatever, should do so now.

Our second Liberty Loan calls for three billion or more 4 per cent. United States Government bonds, maturing in 25 years. These, however, are callable by the Government on any interest date after the tenth year.

SAFETY FIRST IN LIBERTY BONDS

As a result of the selling of these Liberty Bonds, we

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shall find before the end of the next score of years an amazing increase in our pro rata capital, and such a boom in home-building, which has fallen behind in the last few years, as was never before known. We are in the war, it is true, but still at the preparatory stage. Before very long, we shall be in the active stage and then we shall learn the full meaning of the phrase *"grim war."*

If we prove to be weak, the Prussian autocracy can dictate peace to our everlasting sorrow, loss, suffering and disgrace. If we are strong, as we know we shall be, right and liberty shall prevail, and the world will be better and happier than ever before, because we have stepped in and furnished the necessary wherewithal for victory.

Our 4 per cent. Liberty Bonds are going to sell *above par* directly after the war. In fact, many of our most sagacious financiers have already prophesied that these bonds will begin selling above par before the end of the war. This has already occurred in a few instances, in connection with our first issue of bonds. It has been the experience of United States government bonds that when a temporary need requiring an issue had passed, the securities promptly appreciate. For example, Panama's 3s, sold for years at around 103, and Spanish-American War Bonds, bearing interest at 3 per cent. sold in 1898, sold up to 112 in 1901, or only three years later.

"Invest now."

WHAT MR. MORGAN THINKS

"I understand," said Mr. Morgan, "that there is in some quarters a feeling of pessimism caused by the declining security market. It seems to me that this does not change the duty of every American to do everything possible.

"After all, what the security market does within the next month or two will not be of much importance one year from now!"

James S. Alexander, President of the National Bank of Commerce of New York, said, following the Morgan statement:

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"No one in touch with business affairs in the United States can have any doubt as to the soundness of fundamental conditions. It is true that the principal business of the United States at this time is war. But the continuance of war necessitates increased activity in thousands of lines in such a way as to bring a wide distribution of money throughout the country. No such sum as is contemplated in the Government program can be expended in the United States without business activity such as this country has never before experienced."

Trade is generally active, and showing an increase as we enter the autumn. Retail absorption continues large and there is an increase in bank clearing notwithstanding the fact that the influence of the war is over the whole situation, with government orders taking precedence over private business. The very favorable crop condition has helped greatly to inspire confidence. Very recently Mr. W. S. Kies, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York, made the following statement before the Third National Exposition of Chemical Industries in New York City:

"As a result of three years of unprecedented prosperity, our industries are on the soundest possible basis. To appreciate the development of this country's export business in the last three years let me recall these figures:

"For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, our imports were $1,893,925,657, our exports were $2,364,579,148.

"For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, our imports were $1,674,169,740, our exports were $2,768,589,340.

"For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, our imports were $2,197,883,510, our exports were $4,333,658,865.

"For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1917, our imports were $2,659,355,185, our exports were $6,293,806,090.

"During the war period we have made material gains which will be of aid to our export business after the war. We are constructing a great fleet of merchant vessels and shall henceforth be able to deliver our own goods with our own ships. We have established banks abroad and provided facilities for the aid of our business. We will no longer need

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to depend upon German and English banks to make our collections and finance our shipments. Debts have been paid off, depreciation and maintenance charges properly taken care of, and surpluses accumulated. Old machinery and plants have been scrapped and modern equipment substituted."

This has a great bearing upon securities, especially industrial. The prosperity of this country after the war will depend upon the prosperity of our industries, and that in turn will depend upon the ability to withstand competition. Never before in our history have we been so well equipped to withstand competition, nor have we ever before been so thoroughly wide-awake to the need of this.

OUR WONDERFUL CROP INCREASE

One of the most important features of the present business situation is the amazing increase of our crops. Whatever enriches our country, especially in so general and widespread a manner as with crops, puts us on a better business basis. Authorities have agreed that the crop situation gives us reason to be reassured, because it puts a solid basis under general business for the coming year. It means that a great reserve of purchasing power now exists throughout our country, more in fact than can be exercised with the present war requirements. Our agricultural products will bring prices which will prove sufficient to meet all needs and this gives assurance that the necessaries as a rule will not average higher than during the last year, and in most cases will be lower. Action by our government gives promise that profiteers shall not swindle us, that adequate laws will be put to use to protect the people, and this in turn means more money for use in the thing that is now so desirable, the purchase of good securities.

It has been said that there will be a bull market late in November, but by no means like that of a year ago or in any particular way abnormal. This will not be as pronounced in railroads as in other stocks, and the very recent talk of the possibility of the government taking over the railroads is

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having but slight effect on these securities. Railroads today promise unusually well for whoever cares to buy. Labor troubles last Spring caused some losses, it is true, and later when Germany began her unrestricted submarine warfare, shipping was temporarily tied up, which in turn tied up the roads. But if the investing public will except the months of February and August from their estimate of the year's railroad earning, as the experts who advise buying have done, they will better understand why the high-class railroads now offer much that is attractive in the way of securities.

One reason for this, and there are many, is that as soon as the Government has allotted its tonnage of war steel it will help out the railways and relieve that situation by arranging for the rapid filling of large orders for cars and locomotives. Through the Priority Board, the Government can obtain early delivery against such car and locomotive orders as the railroads may be disposed to place.

GREAT INCREASE IN RAILROAD TRAFFIC

Complete return for seven months of this year submitted by the railroads to the Interstate Commerce Commission show that every important railroad in the country reported an increase in growth over 1916. The railways are handling more traffic than ever before and report an encouraging degree of co-operation on the part of shippers in loading cars to capacity and in prompt handling. Railway men are pleased with the result of combined management by which traffic is handled solely with a view to the most expeditious results.

The best criterion as to general trade is to be found in railway traffic which is constantly up to the capacity of the roads. The tonnage for June of this year was 26 per cent. greater than the tonnage of June 1916, and this is increasing as rapidly as it is possible for the railroads to handle it. From almost every financial quarter comes the expression of belief that this is the time to purchase high-class railroad securities. They are now low; if not at rock-bottom, very nearly so. This is due, in a measure, to the large amount of money employed in more industries, through our own ex-

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penditures and those of our Allies. Railroad securities have tended downward since mid-summer. But this was largely due to uncertainty in many things, the great expenditures, the question of the probable duration of the war, international events and similar unusual conditions.

What has been written of railroad securities holds good with industrials and also with municipal and general bonds. Take steel among the industrials, for example; the mills are in a better condition today than ever to fill their mammoth orders. Iron and steel production continues at a rate 90 per cent. of capacity and this 10 per cent. curtailment was due to a shortage of fuel. The fuel condition is rapidly being bettered; not only is more fuel mined, but more is being used. The prospects are that obligations on the books of steel mills will continue to decrease as long as the war lasts.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK

There has been unusually heavy liquidation of late and as a result of this, strain of the bank position has been equally relieved. This has made money conditions practically normal, which always means that the times are good for a conservative purchase of securities. There may be a possible stringency in the money market by the end of the year, but this has already been provided for. The help of the $200,000,000 money committee that has been working in co-operation with the Federal Reserve Bank will probably not be required in the near future. At the same time, the government has taken the usual precaution to prevent money flurries during those periods when Liberty Loan instalments are payable. There is little that is abnormal in the downward trend in stocks. It is but a phase of what has been in progress for several months. Shrewd observers claim that they look for a smash, but nothing of the sort appeared. The little shakeup that did take place disturbed certain security holders, it is true, but every effort on the part of the bear party to make it look disorderly failed.

There are always some who consider themselves to be conservative when in fact, they are timid to such an extent

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that they fail to take advantage of opportunities that would enrich them. Among such people are those who are continually crying " There may be a money panic at any time." There is absolutely no occasion for entertaining such fears at the present time, because, thanks to the Federal Reserve Bank, there will be no more money panics such as have in the past upset the financial world.

The Federal Reserve Bank has accomplished many things. First, it is the greatest factor in stabilizing our currency. If there is any indication of a money panic, in any particular section, millions of dollars can be rushed to that locality at a moment's notice. Furthermore, it provides a more expansive means for men to obtain credit. It has made money easier and more available in times when otherwise it might be almost impossible to secure a loan at a bank. There was a time when a man might not be able, with usual security, to secure much needed money at his bank. Not because his security were bad, but because the bank found it necessary to tighten up a little in loaning money. Now, such a man may, with his security, get the loan through the discount facilities of the Federal Reserve Bank, and his local banker cannot tell him that there is any money stringency.

Under the Federal Reserve Act Twelve, great government depositories were established in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Dallas, Richmond, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City and San Francisco. Each bank has a governor, known as a Federal Reserve Agent. Also a deputy and nine directors. These are always selected from the district and are made up of three solid bankers, three representative business men and three others appointed by the Federal Reserve Board at Washington.

The success which has followed the institution of our Federal Reserve Banks has been far greater than the most optimistic anticipated. Many good results not looked for have come about, and one of these is that it has made conditions much safer for those who like to purchase good securities. The man who contemplates putting some of his money

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into such securities as industrials, good railroads or municipal and other bonds, has no need to worry lest another great panic cause his holdings to depreciate.

Wall Street has been waiting for a settling down, and it is now about here. Shipping offers a good example; the insurance rates have been reduced because of the inability of Germany to maintain their first burst of U-boat destructiveness. The establishing of fixed prices for an increasing number of commodities by the government has been another great factor in steadying the market, making conditions healthier and offering the brightest prospects for investment that have prevailed since midsummer, 1914.

At no period since the Kaiser ravished Belgium has his prospects appeared so black, so hopeless as now, and this is one prime factor in bringing financial condition back to a healthful, normal basis. A review of the latest statements of financial men and financial writers may be summarized in one sentence:

"This is a time for mental composure, not panic, since there is every reason to look for a strong market."

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